THE ROYAL

4D.

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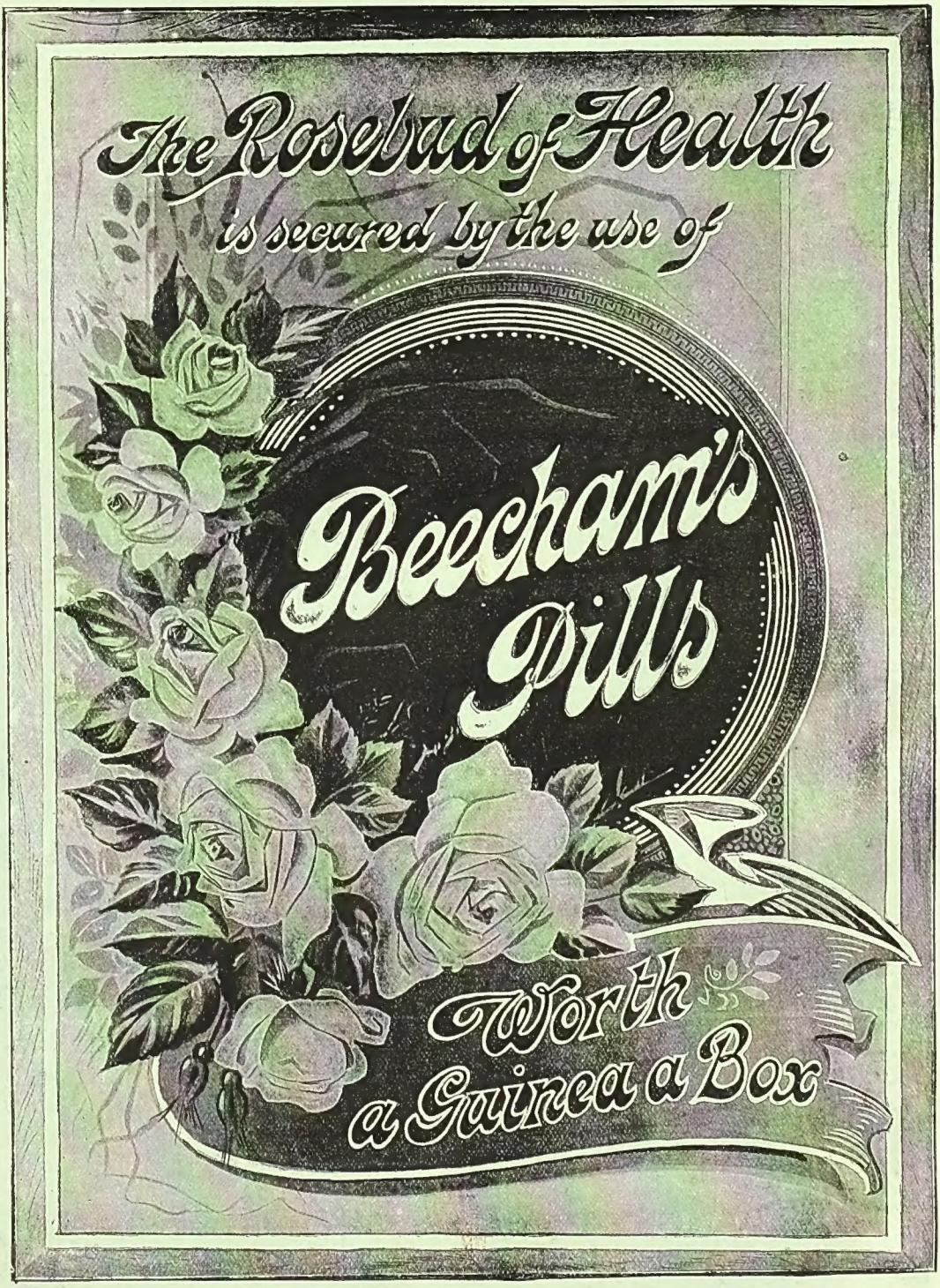
No. 19 VOL. IV.—MAY, 1900.



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'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'
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TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

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A SAPPER SERVING AT THE FRONT writes:—'I am in the best of health, thanks to ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is grand! The best in the World, especially for hot and changeable climates. It is very dear out here, but even if it cost 10s. per bottle I must have it, as I cannot do without it.

'Yours, &c., Truth.'
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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best known remedy: it allays NERVOUS EXCITEMENT, DEPRESSION, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is PLEASANT, SOOTHING, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood PURE AND FREE FROM DISEASE. It should be in every bedroom and traveller's bag (for any emergency). It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and removes by natural means, without hazardous force, all fœti[illegible] or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease). Its effect on a disordered or feverish condition of the system is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

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The New Century Costume, utterly unrivalled all the world over. This charming costume is made in all the beautiful shades of the **Specialite Serge** and in the **Venetian Cloth,** two splendid wearing cloths. The bodice has a full front, very tastefully trimmed with prettily shaped revers of good velveteen, which are finished off with a smart edging of fancy braid. The collar is of velveteen and trimmed to match front. The bodice and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full with inverted pleat at back; the box pleat can be had if specially ordered. Costume complete, 10/6, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage paid, 5d. extra.

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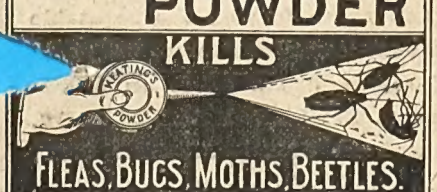

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WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

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HOWITSON & EARSMAN,
SHIRT MAKERS,
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From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-,** post free. Thousands of Testimonials **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL,** *Pharmaceutical Chemist,* **25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

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☞ SEE SPECIAL OFFER AT FOOT OF PAGE.

KOKO
FOR THE HAIR

Photo from Life. The original, with other fine heads of hair, may be seen at 113, Regent Street, London, W.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandriff, *prevents hair from falling* is *the most cleanly* of all hair preparat ons, and is *perfectly harmless.*

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to *invigorate decayed hair*, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT, because it keeps dandriff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT

as a dressing, because it gives the hair a *beautiful glossy lustre*, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish, where it will remain.

CHILDREN LIKE IT

because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, *allays irritation*, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT

because it is *pure as crystal*, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour *the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing*, produces a wonderful, pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and *no other dressing is needed* to give the hair the most elegant appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other. **It contains no colouring matter or dye.**

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried **KOKO.**

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for 2/-, and 5 Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, Prepaid, **One Regular 12-oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair,** the price of which is **4/6**, provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to—

THE KOKO-MARICOPA CO., LD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT ST., LONDON, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

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It is supplied on the first payment of 7/-, and your promise to complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount

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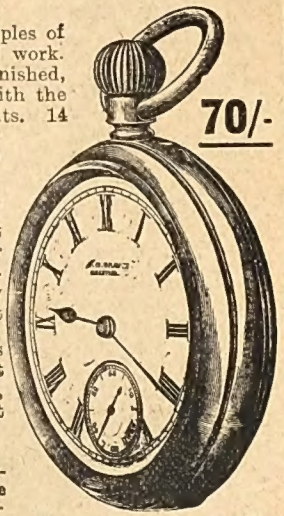

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A GREAT MANY DELICIOUS DISHES can be prepared with this Pure and Wholesome British production. CLEAR CRYSTALLINE JELLIES, DELICIOUS BLANCMANGES, CREAMS & PUDDINGS, DELICATE SAVOURIES and INVALID DISHES.

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7 ins. high ... **1/11**
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Solid Silver "Dredger" Pepper,
1⅝ in. high ... **2/10**
1¾ in. „ ... **4 6**
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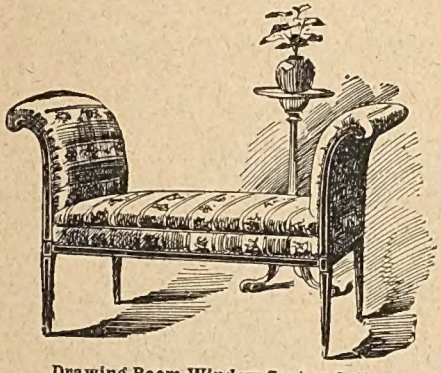
Elegant Drawing Room Occasional Table, with shaped top and ornamental rails in dark mahogany or walnut, **27/6.**



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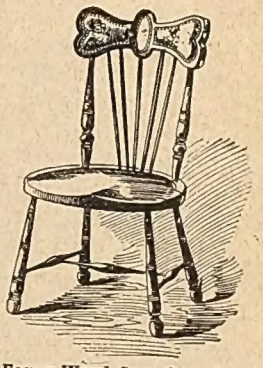

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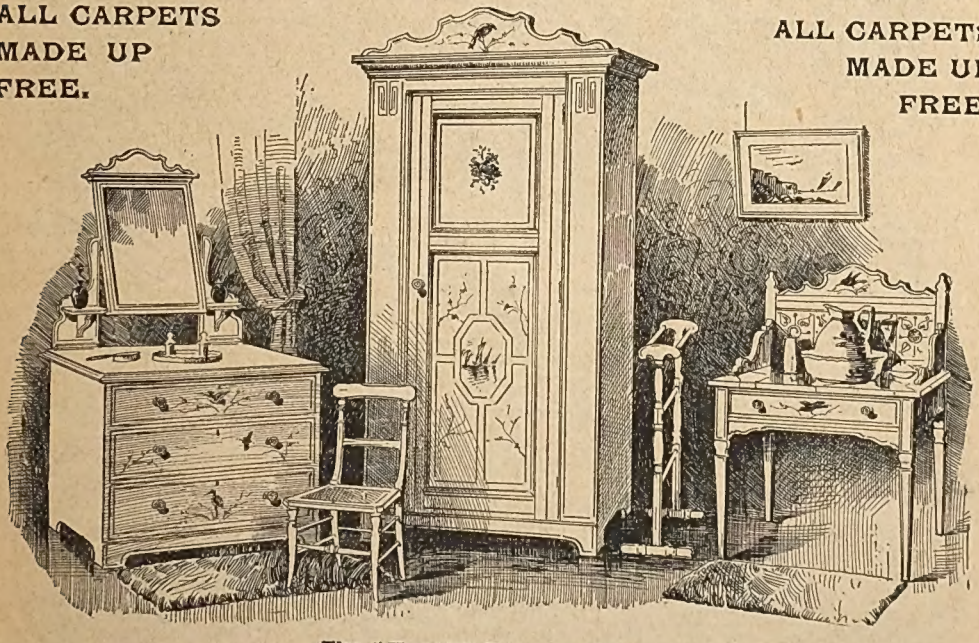

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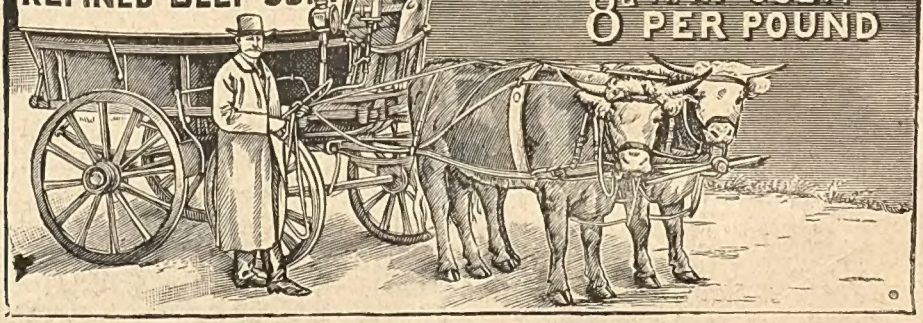

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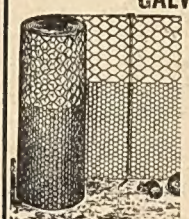

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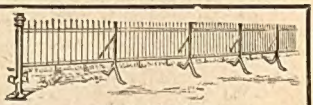

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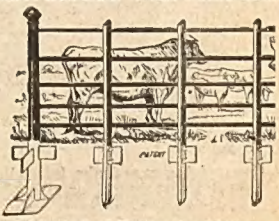

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A good, strong serviceable Racket; strong gut, good frame, and well strung; grooved or plain handle.
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Racket, strong thick gut, and serviceable, grooved or plain handle.
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Splendid value; strung all white or red and white gut; handsome, strong and warranted; grooved, plain, or bell handle.
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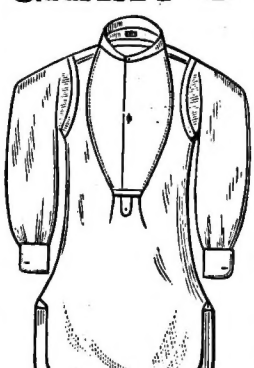

Made on the latest scientific principles: every part being carefully proportioned so as to secure the maximum of ease and comfort along with a perfect fit. They are a revelation to every wearer who has experienced the evils of a bad fitting shirt. **Manufactured only in the very best materials; finest Linen Fronts and Cuffs. In three qualities:—**

A quality, 3 6 each; ½ doz., 10/3; ¼ doz., 20/-
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Post Free. When ordering, please mention size of collar.
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BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, post free,

FREE OF CHARGE,

Particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS' HOME TREATMENT when applying to PAUL WEIDHAAS, Pulmonary Institute, 16, T.P., Buckingham-road, Brighton.

I have tried the treatment on myself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured myself, and have since practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

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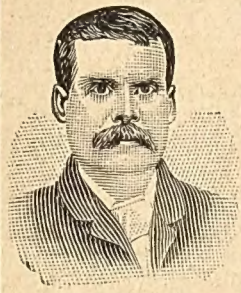
No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET. Read the following testimonial, one of scores received:

Severe Chronic Bronchitis and Beginning Consumption (2 years' standing), Cured.



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Manchester. ALBERT GRIFFITHS.

(Full address on application.)

Mr. WEIDHAAS is prepared to pay

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to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the patient's own letter. The original may be seen at his Institute by any bonâ-fide inquirers.

CURABLE

HENDERSON'S **Peralia** REG.D

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition, Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/-, 1/6,** and **2/6.** Postage in each case **3d.** extra.

Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/9** and **2/6** per bottle. **3d.** extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price **10/-.** Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, **5/6** pair.

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NON-MERCURIAL.

OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s.,** **2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

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Southalls' Absorbent, (*Patented*). Antiseptic.

SAMPLES free on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

"Sanitary Towels"

In Packets of One Dozen:—Size O, 6d.; Size 1, 1/-; Size 2, 1/6; Size 3, 2/-; Size 4, 2/-; Size X, 2/9. Size 1 can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at 6d.

Sample Packets (marked Size S), at **6d.,** containing three Size O, one each 1, 2 & 4, post free, eight stamps.

SOUTHALLS' SANITARY SHEETS for ACCOUCHEMENT,

In three sizes, **1/-, 2/-** and **2/6** each.

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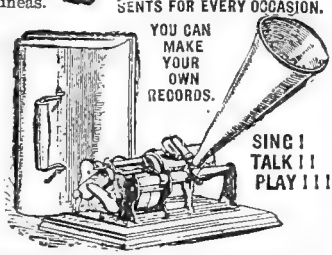

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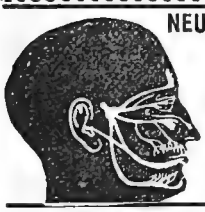

The annexed cut presents in the prominent lines the nerves most liable to attacks of Neuralgia. Sufferers will know only too well the pain tracks, and will be glad to know of a Simple and Sure Remedy. Hundreds of grateful letters. The proprietors will send *free two sample Zox Powders* to any reader of *The Royal Magazine* sending stamped addressed envelope to Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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AN extremely interesting and dainty booklet, containing much valuable information regarding Digestion, has just been published under the title of "Digestion—what to eat and what to avoid," and we can confidently recommend its perusal to anyone who wishes to find out how to make life worth living. Among many other interesting items are twelve simple rules regarding the taking of Food, two of which—to thoroughly chew the Food and to eat slowly—are said to always have been carried out by Mr. Gladstone.

Then there is a capital Chart, giving the average time of Digestion, from which we gather that of fish, soles and stewed oysters are best; of game and poultry, partridges and boiled fowls; of fruit, bananas, cherries, ripe pears, and prunes; of meat, boiled tripe and boiled calves' feet; of sundries, brains, boiled and Swiss milk, raw eggs, and pearl barley; and of vegetables, mushrooms, asparagus, leeks, boiled rice, watercress, spinach, seakale, Brussels sprouts, and vegetable marrow. Then we find rules for increasing weight, with diet table for those who desire to reduce obesity.

For Weak people and Dyspeptic Sufferers the book is invaluable.

It only remains to say that the book will be sent free to anyone who will send name and address to the Guy's Tonic Co., 12, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Name *The Royal Magazine* when writing.

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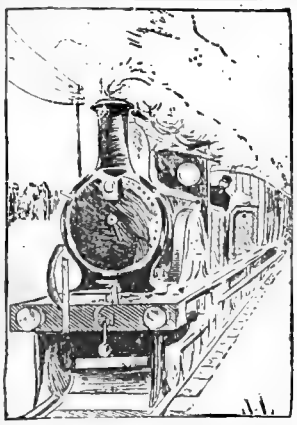

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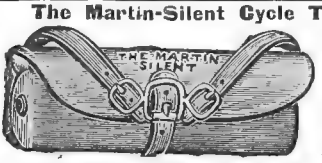

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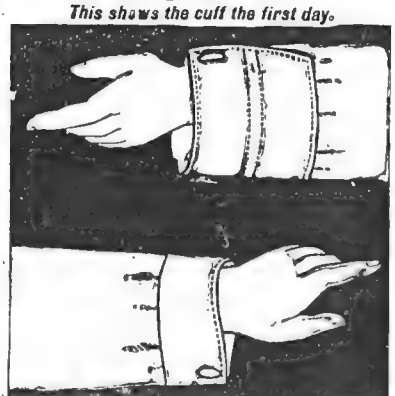

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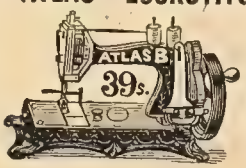

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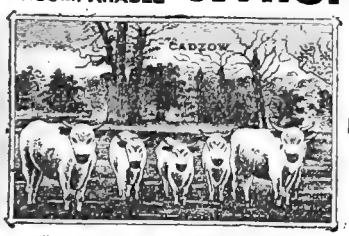
TRADE  MARK

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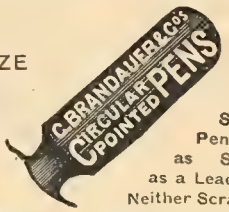

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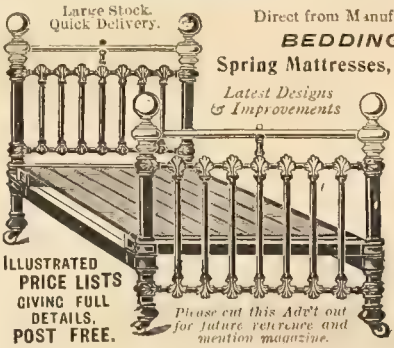

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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We are requested to state, that the Saloon interior published on page 325 of No. XVI. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE was specially built for the Belfast & County Down Railway Company, and the Duke of York's train, on page 326 of the same Number, belongs to the same Company.

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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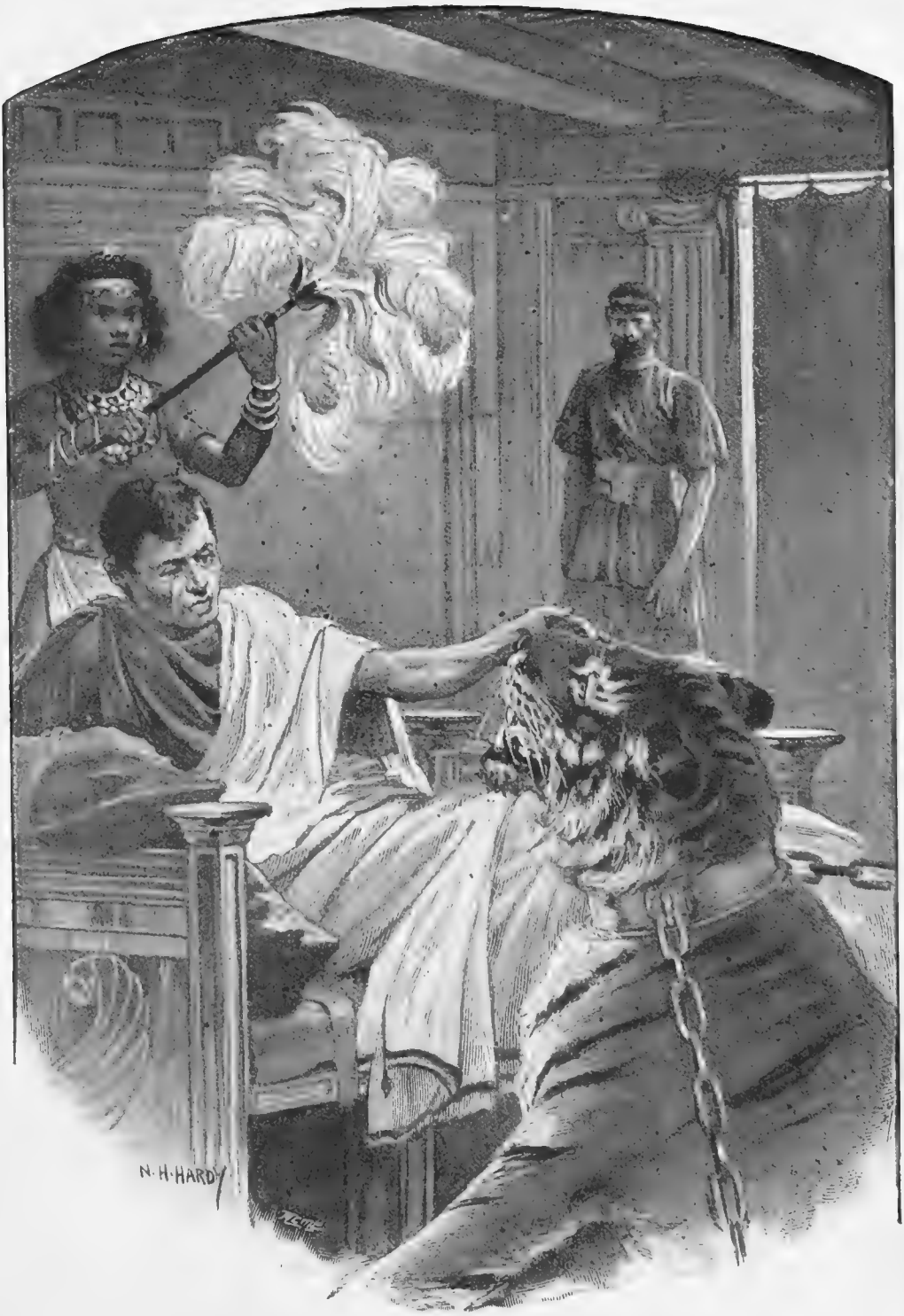

SHE RUBBED HER HEAD AGAINST HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND

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The Art of the Camera

By Roderick Grey.

Photos in Relief.

I suppose most of my readers have seen and admired relief photographs. How far they are really an artistic method of treating a portrait is perhaps an open question. But still the effect is pleasing, most especially in the case of portraits consisting of head and shoulders. Moreover, there is a spice of novelty about them. The results are not of the stereotyped style, and may be quite ornamental. I suppose, strictly speaking, to be ornamental in a proper sense, things must be artistic. However, this is too academical a subject to debate. So let us see how the reliefs are made, and my readers may decide the art phase for themselves.

There is more than one way of making these reliefs, but a very simple one is quite within the capacity of an amateur.

At the outset, you must select a good strong print, and it ought to be a platinum one or rather a platinotype.

The first thing is to trace the outline of the portrait. For preference use tracing paper.

Making the "Mask."

Now place your tracing on a piece of stout cardboard, and using carbon paper, trace off the outline. With a sharp knife cut out of the cardboard the part enclosed by the outline, being very careful not to go outside the line.

When this is done you will have a hole in the cardboard that exactly fits over the part of the photo to be raised. This forms what may be termed a "mask."

The next thing is to devise a means of holding the print firmly behind this "mask." Two small wooden frames hinged at one end and fitted with a hook at the other, will make an excellent vice or clamp. With a little ingenuity an even simpler device might be arranged.

Preparing the Print.

Having decided upon the best method, take your platinum print and very carefully paste it on to a piece of blotting paper cut to its exact size. Use any good paste and use enough of it to dampen the blotting paper.

Now place the print and the

Photo by S. Cribb

Artillerymen Painting a Gun Kharki Colour.

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Photo ''' Clarence B. Moore.

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blotting-paper under a weight for a quarter of an hour. When you take out the print with its backing of blotting-paper, be careful that it be not too moist; it should feel merely damp and pliant.

Having satisfied yourself on these points—and experience is really the only sound guide—place the "mask" carefully over the print and clamp the two between the frames. The thing is to have the print held firmly behind the cardboard so that there is no chance of it slipping.

Doing the Relief.

Now with some smooth, round, blunt instrument, such as a toothbrush handle, press from behind all round the edge of the mask, holding the frame in your left hand with the picture towards you.

You will probably find it best to start off with a soft, circular motion. You must not press too hard for fear of splitting the paper. Besides, you do not want the relief to be too pronounced. Of course, the art of the process is in giving special prominence to certain parts, such as the nose, the chin, the cheeks and portions of the dress, bearing in mind, of course, the lights and shades of the picture. You must make these help you in getting your effect, otherwise, it stands to reason, that to raise up a shaded portion and leave a bright light in the background will give you a result disappointingly flat.

When at length you have worked up the relief to your satisfaction, leave it to dry. The paste will grow stiff, and the relief will remain permanent. Then you can mount the picture, pasting it on to a stout mount by the edges only. With a very little experience, and with ordinary care, you will find yourself in possession of a most pleasing form of photograph.

Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park

Dorothy.

Quick Photography.

Usually amateur photographers are in a tremendous hurry to develope and print the pictures they have taken. To many of them their pictures lose all interest if kept too long. It is the fun of the moment that has to be considered. Why cannot one, in fact, take a picture and have a print from off it within, say, half-an-hour?

Well, you can, and without any very great difficulty—only, mind you, it involves quick washing, and quick washing does not, as a rule, spell permanency of the negative.

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The washing is *the* thing, and there is only one really effective way of washing rapidly and well. You must place the plate under running water. It must not be too swift. Go to the bath-room or lavatory basin and put the plate, face downwards, under the tap. Ten or fifteen minutes will clean the hypo off any ordinary plate.

To dry your plate you must drain it off as thoroughly as you can, and then immerse it in the best methylated spirits. A few minutes will be sufficient time for the spirits to absorb all the water, and when you take the plate out it will dry in a mere matter of seconds. Nor will the plate be any the worse for this treatment.

Photo by Ida M. Fairbairn.

A Rustic Charmer.

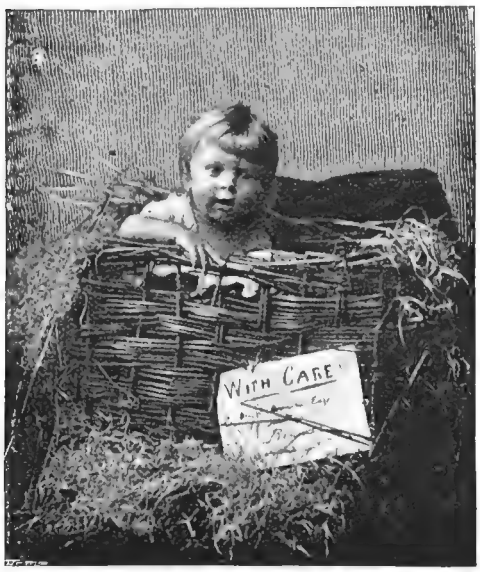

Photo by Alex. Old.

A Surprise.

Of course, printing is then a question of light, and subsequent toning and fixing.

Washing Negatives at Sea.

As a rule there is on board the big mail boats practically an unlimited supply of fresh water. In fact, whilst there is coal on board the sea water can be converted into fresh water without difficulty. But on sailing ships it is not always so. There is a distinct limit to the amount of fresh water one may use, and washing negatives is outside that limit. Hence it may be of use to some of my readers to know that it is possible to wash off the hypo with salt water, and that a very little fresh water afterwards will wash away the salt. The sea water does not hurt the negative to any appreciable extent. I fear, however, the same cannot be said with respect to positives.

Photo by H. M. Lomas.

Going to the Hunt.

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Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

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Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park.

THE QUEEN OF LOVE.

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The Negative of One's Portrait.

If you are famous, or likely to be famous, or have fame suddenly thrust on you, you receive invitations to sit for your photograph. People, as a rule, dislike having their portraits taken, and under any circumstances are reluctant to undergo an ordeal that is not infrequently likened to a visit to your dentist.

However, something for nothing is a powerful inducement, and to be asked to sit for one's portrait is a sop to one's vanity.

Having had the photo taken, your part of the business obviously ends. You may receive a present of some copies, but the negative of the picture, it is clear, belongs to the photographer.

But suppose you go on your own account and pay —and perhaps pay lavishly — for a dozen copies. Whose is the negative, and whose the copyright? Surely yours.

No, and yes. The copyright, I believe I am right in saying, certainly is yours. The photographer has no right to make any unauthorised use of your picture. He cannot publish it or sell copies without your consent.

But it is otherwise with respect to the negative. It is his. A recent case has confirmed this view of the law. The negative is absolutely the photographer's — at least, subject to the limitation I have mentioned.

I have no exact notion by what subtleties of reasoning such comes to be the law, but there it is.

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

A Brigadier of the *Grande Armée.*

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Kodak Films.

I AM, as most of my readers know, a firm believer in films as against plates for the ordinary amateur. Moreover, I, for my own part, believe in spools of films as used in the Kodak-cameras, whereby one's used films can easily be changed in broad daylight. It is not until one has travelled about a bit that one fully realises the benefit of this.

At the same time I have often found it a nuisance to have a dozen films on one spool. One does sometimes want to take just a couple of photos and develope them right away. I am glad to see that there are a sufficient number of other photographers in existence of the like opinion to have led to the introduction of spools that contain six, or even only two films. I rather fancy the news will be welcome to very many of my kodaking readers.

From a Photo.

Good News from Abroad.

Photography by Gaslight.

A CHILD — no, let me correct myself — a young lady of my acquaintanceship, had a camera given her just before Christmas. Being about to start for foreign parts, and being quite unversed in the use of her present, she was naturally very keen indeed to take some pictures.

Alas, the elements were unpropitious! A yellow fog precluded all possibility of a photograph. Nevertheless, she was not to be beaten, and by gas and candle-light she proceeded to take pictures during the evening. She even inveigled some individuals—who had never done her any harm—into sitting for her.

Using films she allowed five minutes, and during those minutes of torture these monuments of (temporary) patience sat wonderfully still. I had fears, however, of the result, and suggested that a collection of dolls and a ten minute exposure might produce a more satisfactory result, and finally I proved right. The portraits of her various living pictures were all under exposed. Mind you, they fairly astonished me, but still they were under-exposed. The dolls, however, were quite excellent, although they would have been the better for a little longer exposure. Still I must confess the negative was a revelation.

If you are content with a still life study — and endless are the possibilities of such — you can obtain some very good fun out of a camera even at night with only gas and a candle or two. Of course, this is not the highest use to which a camera may be put. But I take it that most of my readers want to amuse themselves with their cameras, and you cannot gain too much experience in the way of developing, etc. Only do not be tempted to try to photograph your friends by gas and candle-light. It's not charitable!

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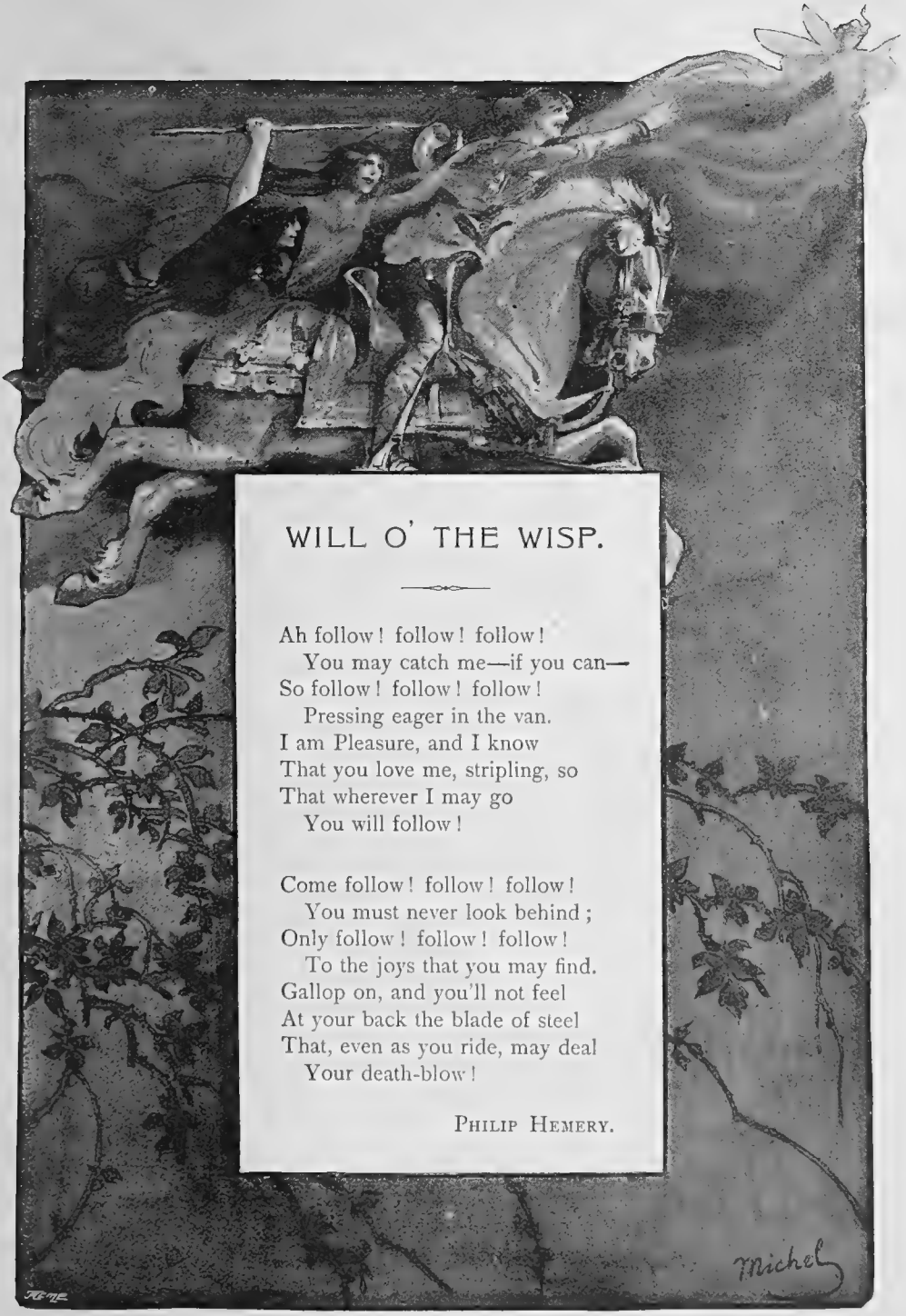

WILL O' THE WISP.

Ah follow! follow! follow!
  You may catch me—if you can—
So follow! follow! follow!
  Pressing eager in the van.
I am Pleasure, and I know
That you love me, stripling, so
That wherever I may go
  You will follow!

Come follow! follow! follow!
  You must never look behind;
Only follow! follow! follow!
  To the joys that you may find.
Gallop on, and you'll not feel
At your back the blade of steel
That, even as you ride, may deal
  Your death-blow!

PHILIP HEMERY.

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LA MASCA

By Ernest W. Smith.

The little settlement of La Masca lay shimmering in the heat of an Algerian summer's day. The sun was already sinking towards the horizon, yet if anything the day seemed to grow hotter. The half dozen rudely-built dwellings, with their tiny patches of cultivated ground, alone broke the monotony of the vast plain that stretched away on every hand as far as the eye could reach.

At the gate of one of the compounds a woman stood anxiously gazing out along the rough track that led to the small town of Borj bou Areridj, some three and a half miles away. The graceful pose, the olive complexion, the sensuous eyes and dark hair, all bespoke her Spanish blood. Though in the full bloom of womanhood, the freshness of youth had lingered longer than is usual with the women of her race, and as she stood there shading the sun from her eyes, her handsome features alight with loving anxiety, her whole attitude expressive of the concern that filled her, she presented an attractive spectacle.

But her quest was doomed to disappointment; not a single traveller was in sight; and with a sigh she turned away.

On the previous day news had reached Borj bou Areridj that a detachment of French troops had been badly cut up by the Arabs at Ben Daoud—less than a day's journey away. In consequence, most of the inhabitants of the town had at once taken to flight, and even the few settlers of La Masca, poor as they were, had packed their belongings and had fled to Setif—all except Pedro Carvallo, who, in spite of his wife's earnest entreaties, had doggedly refused to follow their example.

"Why should I?" he asked. "I have nothing to fear from the Arabs. I have always been on the best of terms with them, and it isn't likely they are going to harm me or mine. I have done old Ben el Haddad many a good turn, and the sheikh isn't the man to forget it. No, they won't molest *me*—I am no frog-eating Frenchman. I'd as soon see the Arabs come out best in this affair, and they know it. The French have never given me any cause to love them, and, as far as that goes, I'd just as soon trust myself to the Arabs as to them."

And that very morning, much to his wife's distress, he had persisted in setting off for Borj bou Areridj, partly, if possible, to make a few purchases, partly to see and hear for himself how matters really stood.

He had promised to be back by noon; it was now three o'clock, and still there was no sign of his coming. Reluctantly the woman began to retrace her steps down the little path towards the house. Suddenly the sound of voices reached her from one of the neighbouring cottages. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, for with the exception of themselves she had believed the settlement to be entirely deserted, she hastily crossed to a corner of the garden from which she could obtain a better view of the quarter whence the sounds proceeded.

Her startled gaze immediately fell on a patch of colour moving rapidly across the adjoining inclosure, and next moment a small party of soldiers in the uniform of the Zouaves issued from the gate and came straight towards the Carvallo's homestead.

Terrified, though without exactly knowing why, the woman's first impulse was to flee to the house and lock herself and child indoors, but by the time she had reached the threshold, calmer counsels had prevailed,

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and simply telling the child to go upstairs and remain there, she took her stand outside and awaited the men's approach.

Laughing and joking amongst themselves they came quickly round the corner, and pushing open the gate strode into the garden. A big burly fellow with a sergeant's stripes on his arm led the way; behind him straggled four privates, each with a well-filled foraging sack thrown over his shoulder. All were ragged, unshaven, and dirty, and presented anything but a prepossessing appearance.

The sergeant raised his cap with mock courtesy.

"Bon jour," he said. "Hope you are well. We knew that you wouldn't like it if we went past without calling, so we have just dropped in to see how you are." The men behind burst into laughter, but the woman neither spoke nor moved. "Those other folks," jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "don't seem to be at home, but it doesn't matter. We've got a few mementoes of them, and that will do just as well."

"You coward!" she hissed.

His glance wandered away over the little homestead, and then returned to the woman. She stood facing him with head thrown back like some wild animal at bay.

"You don't seem particularly glad to see us," he continued, sneeringly. "Where's your husband?—I suppose you're married. Is he inside?"

"No, he's not." The words were snapped out.

"Gone off for the day, perhaps?"

"It's no business of yours."

"Come now, don't get angry," banteringly. "It isn't *my* fault if he goes off gallivanting and leaves you at home. Some fresh fancy, I suppose. Oh, those men! They're all alike! But keep your heart up; he'll come back all right; and, in the meantime, take my advice and follow his example. A woman like you, now——!" An amorous leer finished his sentence, and he took a few strides towards her.

Putting out her hand as if to keep him away, she shrank back into the doorway. Every few moments her gaze sought the long stretch of winding road, then it again reverted to her tormentor s face.

"Oh! we're shy, are we?" he jeered. "Perhaps a common sergeant isn't good enough; nothing less than a general, eh? Well, just imagine that I am one," and with a sudden movement he caught her by the waist.

Quick as lightning she dealt him a stinging blow on the face, and with a sharp twist freed herself from his grasp.

"You coward!" she hissed, confronting him with blazing eyes and clenched hands.

For a moment the man seemed absolutely confounded.

"You little tigress!" he ejaculated at length, half admiringly, half angrily, "they ought to have made a soldier of you. *Parbleu!* but that was a good one, too," and he rubbed his cheek sympathetically. "But never mind, we'll be none the worse friends, *ma chérie.* You owe me something for that, though, and as I suppose you refuse to pay in kisses, we must just take it out in liquor. It's a thirsty job, this foraging business, and I expect you have some good wine inside there. Won't you ask us in? It

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There was a flash of steel, and the next moment the soldier lay writhing in his death-agony.

may save a few of your hens afterwards, you know."

His tone was friendly, but there was something in his look that terrified her. Again her eyes scanned the dusty highway with piteous anxiety. Still no one in sight! Recognising that there was no alternative, she bade them enter, and placed some home-made wine before them. The men at once commenced a vigorous onslaught upon it, quaffing it as if it were water, and toasting their hostess at every draught. Gradually they grew more and more hilarious, the rude jest and loud laugh succeeding each other without intermission.

By the door stood the woman, watching, praying for her husband's return. The stillness outside, born of the oppressive heat, contrasted so oddly with the uproar within that she began to wonder whether it were not all some terrible dream. The heat, too, seemed to be burning into her brain, causing a deadly faintness that bade fair soon to overpower her.

At last the sergeant put down his mug with a bang, and rose to his feet.

"Come on, lads," he said, "we must be going." Then, turning to the woman, "That's a drop of good wine, *ma chérie*, and we're much obliged to you. But being gentlemen," and he winked at the others, "of course we couldn't think of going off and leaving our reckoning unpaid. Unfortunately, we've left our purses at home and the bank here is closed; but—well, a kiss from each of us—or four from me if you would like it better—that would about square our account, wouldn't it?"

His tone was threatening, and as he advanced she shrank away from him with a cry. All her former courage and defiance had vanished; she was now but a supplicating woman.

"Oh, go away quietly and leave me alone," she pleaded. "You call yourselves soldiers and men. Perhaps you have wives of your own! For their sakes have pity on me."

The sergeant only laughed.

"We soldiers cannot afford to have wives" he said brutally; "but we make up for it by having an unlimited number of sweethearts. We're not at all particular; every pretty woman we meet is another added to the list." Then in an instant his tone changed: "Come now, no nonsense! *Ciel!* But I'm going to have one at any rate," and he made a sudden rush at her.

She was too quick for him, however, and nimbly avoiding his grasp, ran out into the garden, shrieking aloud. The soldier followed, muttering threats and curses under his breath.

Startled by the woman's screams, a man riding leisurely down the road towards the settlement, glanced up in anxious surprise, and putting spurs to his horse came on at a rapid gallop. Pulling up at the gate he hurriedly leaped to the ground.

"Pedro!" gasped the woman, catching sight of him.

The hot blood surged to the Spaniard's brain, a mistiness clouded his eyes, obliterating everything except the sight of his beloved wife struggling in the arms of her brutal

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assailant. With an oath Carvallo sprang forward, there was a flash of steel as his knife rose and fell, and next moment the soldier lay writhing on the ground in his death-agony.

Turning her head away from the horrible sight the woman threw herself upon her husband's breast, sobbing bitterly.

There was only just time to whisper a few words in her ear, and then the others were upon him. Recognising that resistance would be useless against such odds, he cast his knife on the ground in token of surrender. In spite of this the leading soldier ruthlessly felled him with the butt of his rifle.

The woman flung herself on her knees beside the prostrate figure. One of the men immediately pulled her away, and dragging her inside the cottage thrust her into a chair with a rough command to stay there. For a short time she sat as if turned to stone. The terrible faintness was creeping over her again. Everything seemed shrouded in a blur of heat; the awful silence gripped her soul. With a brave effort she pulled herself together and moved a little so as to be able to see out into the garden.

"Oh, you *will* go, won't you?" she pleaded, falling on her knees.

Her husband was standing close to the gate, a soldier supporting him on each side. Nearer the house two others were laying the body of their dead comrade upon an improvised stretcher—a gate torn from its hinges. Then someone gave a sharp command, the gate was raised from the ground, and the party strode off towards Borj bou Areridj, whilst the woman, in utter abandonment of grief, threw herself upon the floor of the cottage, her whole body shaking with convulsive sobs.

But soon the necessity for instant action somewhat restored her to herself. "Ben el Haddad is at Tarf," her husband had whispered. "Go as fast as you can and tell him that the French are at Borj bou Areridj, only a small detachment, encamped under the hill outside the town. He must attack to-night. It's the only chance."

There was nothing for it but to leave the child at home, and exhorting her to be brave for her father's sake, and bidding her lock herself indoors, the woman set off on her journey. With feverish anxiety she hastened onward, but the distance was considerable, and when darkness fell she was still half-way from her goal. The cool night air somewhat

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restored her, however, and this, combined with a thorough knowledge of the country, enabled her to make fairly rapid progress.

It was about ten o'clock when she finally stumbled into the Arab camp, completely exhausted, and scarcely able to drag herself along.

She was at once led before the Sheikh. The old man—an alert, imposing figure, in long flowing burnous and white turban—closely scanned the woman's features by the light of the camp fire.

"Surely thou art known to me, my daughter," he said. "Thou art the wife of my good friend, Pedro Carvallo, is it not so? What doest thou here? Thine appearance would seem to say that thou bearest bad news—not of thy husband, I hope?"

Dense masses of men, with terrifying yells, pour into the camp.

"Oh, yes," she gasped. "The worst! The French have taken Pedro." Quickly, as well as her agitation and intense eagerness would allow, she unfolded the whole terrible story, ending with her husband's message to the Sheikh.

"Oh, you *will* go, won't you?" she pleaded, falling on her knees, and stretching out her hands to him. "You won't fail him. You say that he is your friend, and he trusts you."

The Arab took a few steps aside in silence.

"Yes, I will go," he said at length; "partly for his sake, but chiefly because it seems that Allah has sold the infidel into our hands. I cannot promise you that I will save him. If their force is much superior to ours it would be folly to attack; but we shall see. Whatever happens, it is the will of Allah. Meanwhile, rest here, my daughter, and content your soul."

Turning away, he issued several orders, and in less than a quarter of an hour a long line of mounted men were moving out of Tarf on to the plain.

* * * * *

The slumbering camp lies wrapped in silence; overhead, the cloudless, star-bestrewn sky forms a brilliant canopy. Save for the occasional movement of a picket or challenge of a sentry away on the outskirts, there is no sign of life. The men, wearied with a long day's marching, have found sweet forgetfulness in deep sleep.

There is one occupant of the camp to whom this mercy is denied, however. Securely bound, hand and foot, Carvallo lies restlessly tossing to and fro, one moment bitterly upbraiding himself for not having taken his wife's advice and fled with the rest, the next filled with anger and resentment against the dead soldier who had been the cause of all the trouble. He does not feel the slightest compunction for his act. He would do the same again under similar circumstances, he assures himself. Then his mind harks back to his wife and child, and, at the thought of his loved ones, the bitterness leaves him, his heart softens, and a tear trickles down his cheek.

If only he could break the rope that binds him, he would make a rush for it. Anything to be with them once more! But it is impossible; he is only too securely fastened,

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and less than twenty feet away a sentry stands on guard.

Where is his wife now? Has she reached the Arab camp yet? And if she has, will Ben el Haddad come? Ah! how the time drags!

He is to be shot at daybreak, before the camp is struck. "For killing a soldier of the French army when in the execution of his duty," were the words of the commanding officer before whom he had been taken. He can scarcely refrain from laughing aloud in very bitterness of spirit. "In the execution of his duty!" Persecuting a helpless woman! Was that a soldier's duty? He had attempted to defend himself, but the officer had absolutely refused to allow him to speak, and on his insisting, he had been dragged away amidst a storm of blows and curses, his sentence ringing in his ears.

For the hundredth time he listens with bated breath, striving to catch the faintest sound. He would pray, but his thoughts continually revert to his wife and Ben el Haddad. If only she has succeeded in reaching the Arab camp the Sheikh will come, he thinks, but unless he arrives very soon it will be too late. Already the time is rapidly drawing on to the fatal hour. And, moreover, unless the insurgent force can succeed in taking the French by surprise, there is no chance of success. Once the latter are on the alert, superior arms and discipline will tell.

As nearly as he can judge it must be about two o'clock. If all has gone well, and the Arabs have set off at once, they ought to be very near by now—he has calculated it out over and over again. Each moment he grows more excited—his hearing seems to have become preternaturally acute.

Hark! Surely that is a shout! No! —Yes! There is another—in the opposite direction this time. In his excitement he pulls himself up into a sitting posture and stares out into the semi-darkness. The crack of a rifle rings out behind him and almost simultaneously dense masses of men, with terrifying yells and savage shouts, pour into the camp from three or four different quarters. In an instant all is confusion. Around him the startled men are springing to their feet and making for their arms; but it is too late. Already the Arabs are among them, cutting and stabbing with swords and spears. No quarter is given—none is asked—and the sanguinary business is soon finished.

Friendly hands quickly set Carvallo free, and the Sheikh himself helps him to his feet. The Spaniard is about to pour out his thanks, but the old man stops him.

"To Allah be the praise" he says, solemnly, raising his hand, "His is the victory. I am but His poor instrument—and thy friend. We left our horses at La Masca, and there we also found thy little daughter. Thou art indeed favoured of Allah this night, my son; before the day breaks both wife and child will be thine again."

TO MY LADY.

Lady with the gracious eyes,
If thou doth my love despise,
And flout me;
Never will I sing again;
Song and life alike were vain,
Without thee.

Lady with the dimpled chin,
Laughing loves creep out and in,
To hide there;
Dimples fashioned by a smile,
Showing sunbeams all the while,
Abide there.

Lady with the cherry lips,
Happy is the bee that sips,
Such dainties!
I'm, alas, no roving bee,
Only one whose heart for thee,
So faint is.

Lady with the voice that thrills,
Like the ripple of the rills,
Descending;
Be thou kind, or cold as snow,
For thee I'll devotion show,
Unending.

G. D. Lynch.

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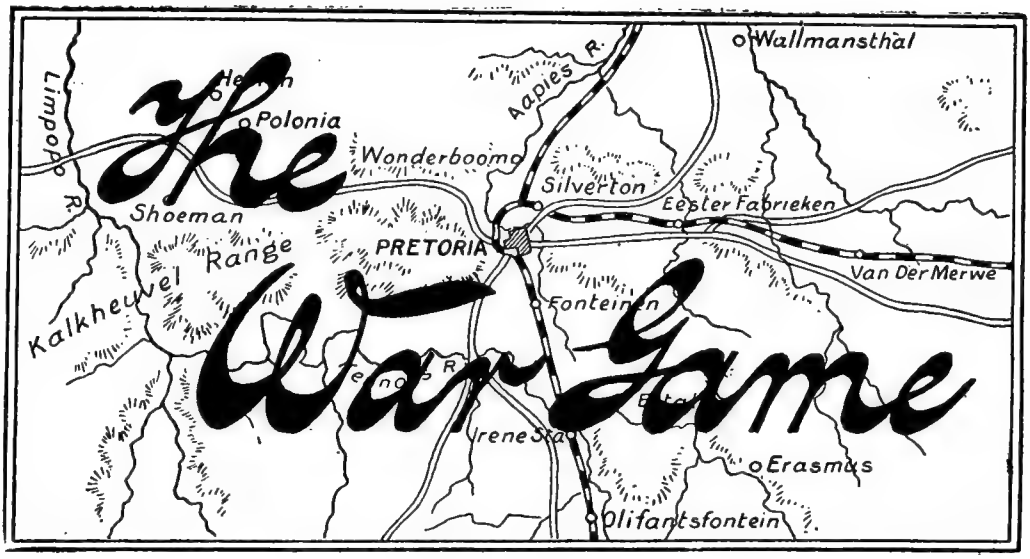


By Captain Alec L. Ridpath.
Queen's Westminster (13th Middlesex) Volunteers.

An Authoritative and Interesting Account of the Great Game which is Played by Officers of all Nations, with a View to Making Themselves Masters of Strategy.

Kriegspiel, or War Game, is of German origin. Its object is instruction, not amusement, and it should be regarded as a tactical exercise, not as a game.

Military manœuvres with real troops over real country are very costly, and can only be rarely engaged in. The best substitute for them is military manœuvres over maps with dummy troops—that is to say, the War Game.

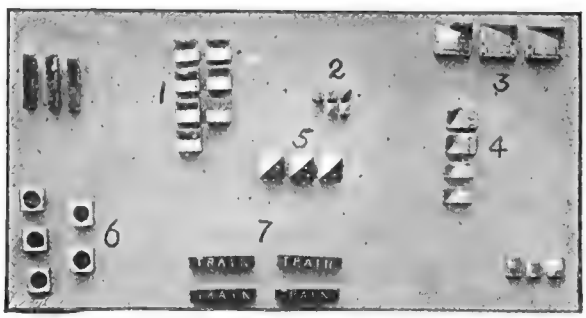
The umpire-in-chief plays the part of the general commanding in field manœuvres.

He prepares a scheme, which is called "The General Idea," and which is issued to both combatants; also a "Special Idea" for each side. But he cannot foresee how his scheme will work out. I once remember seeing the same scheme played on two different occasions by different players, and working out so differently as to be hardly recognisable.

The "General Idea" lays down the kind of operations which are to be practised—for example, an attack upon a convoy in transit, a flank guard action, an action between an advance guard and a rear guard, the defence of a section of railway, or any other military operation which may be selected.

The "Special Ideas" represent the orders supposed to be issued by the superior officers to the commanders of the respective forces engaged. A small scale map of the country accompanies each "Special Idea." These maps are usually one-inch maps—that is to say, on the scale of one inch to the mile. It is not probable that maps of larger scale would be available on service. The Special Idea informs the commander the object he is to endeavour to achieve, lays down the force at his disposal, and gives him such other information as the umpire may wish him to receive.

Each commander, on receipt of the General Idea, the Special Idea for his side, and his map, issues his



Some of the pieces with which the game is played.
1. Seven half-battalions of infantry. 2. Five half-troops of cavalry. 3. Transport. 4. Two sections and two half-batteries of artillery. 5. Three squadrons of cavalry. 6. Cyclists. 7. Waggons.

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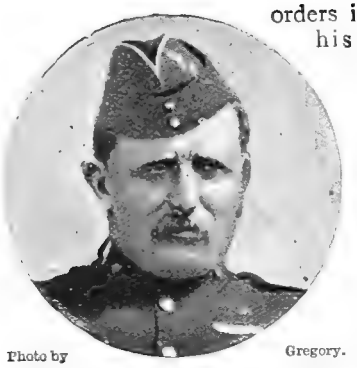

Photo by Gregory.

General French is an expert at the game.

orders in writing to his subordinates, who should be provided with one-inch maps. He also sends a report, enclosing a copy of these orders, to the umpire-in-chief. In this way practice is gained both in map-reading and in writing orders—two very essential matters.

The umpire-in-chief decides at what hour of day or night each side is to commence operations and the state of weather supposed to be prevailing at the time—a matter of importance, as it affects the range of vision.

All these preliminaries are usually got over before the day on which the game is to take place.

The game itself is played upon three large scale maps (usually 6ins. to the mile) screened off from one another, one map being for the umpire and one for each side. The players should not be allowed to see these maps till the game begins.

The troops are represented by small blocks of metal, painted red for one side, blue for the other, and marked to show which branch of the service they belong to. These blocks are of different sizes according to the force they represent, single men, messengers and cavalry vedettes are shown by coloured counters.

One or more assistant umpires are told off to each side.

Moves are by time, such as a half-hour move, a five-minutes move, a two-minutes move, and so on.

The umpire-in-chief decides the length of each move When he has called a move, each side has the right to send troops in any direction as far as they would be able to go in the time given, unless they are checked by the enemy. The rate of marching of the different arms is calculated and deductions made by the umpire for time lost in passing obstacles, reconnoitring, or for bad country. The assistant umpires measure off the distances on the map with compasses or with a specially made metal measure which is familiarly known as a "gigger;" they then place the troops, subject to the above limitations, in accordance with the player's wishes. On Red's map only red forces are shown, unless any of the blue forces would be visible if the game were being played on real country, in which case the said blue forces are also shown on Red's map.

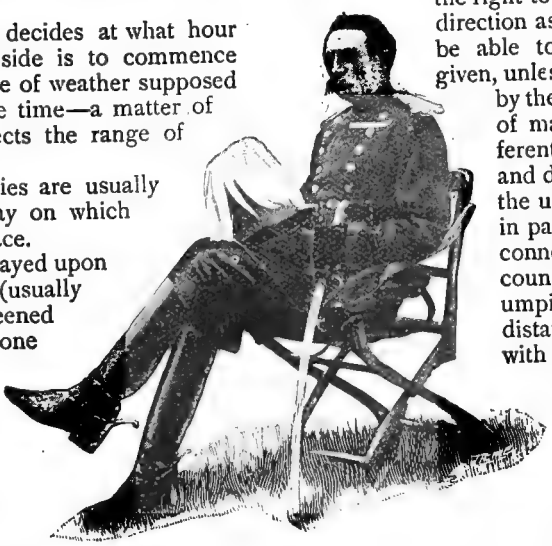

Photo by Cumming

General Clery is a favourite umpire.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a successful player.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

General Gatacre often umpires a game.

Photo by Bassano.

Sir Evelyn Wood is another favourite umpire.

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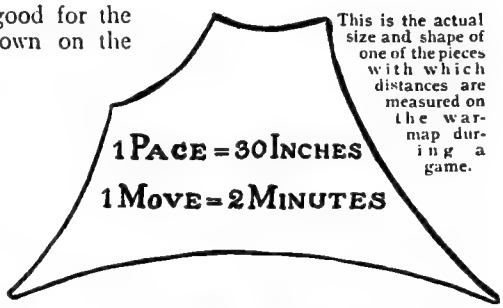
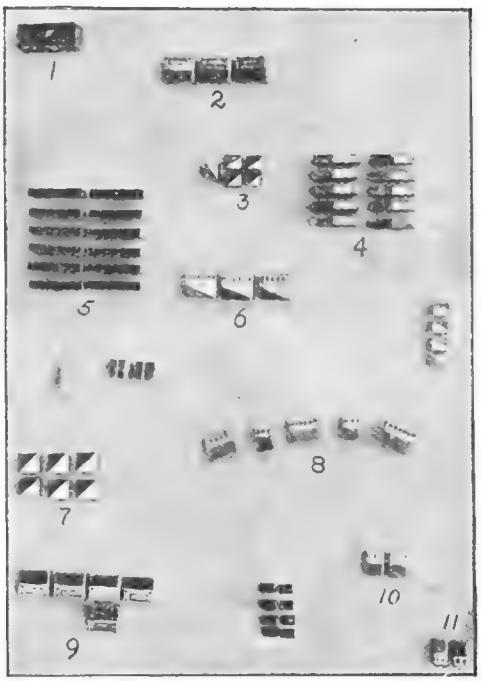
The same rule, reversed, of course, holds good for the blue forces as well. But both forces are shown on the umpire's map.

The time is always carefully kept. It must be borne in mind that the duration of a move has nothing to do with the actual time taken by the assistant umpires to move the dummy troops into the required positions. When "the time" is mentioned, it is the time relating to the stage of the battle which is always meant.



This is the actual size and shape of one of the pieces with which distances are measured on the war-map during a game.

The positions of the commanders on both sides have always to be indicated. This is usually done with rather larger blocks of metal made to stand vertically on the maps.

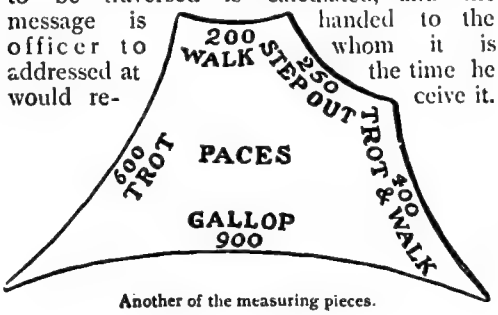


These pieces represent various troops.

1. Officer commanding. 2. Ammunition reserve. 3. Five troops of cavalry. 4. Ten half-battalions of infantry in line. 5. Twelve companies of infantry in extended order. 6. Three batteries of artillery. 7. Six squadrons of cavalry. 8. Three batteries and two half-batteries of artillery. 9. Ammunition reserve. 10. Two half-batteries Royal Artillery. 11. Two sections R.A.

As the game develops, bodies of troops get detached in different directions, such, for instance, as the cavalry, which is rarely with the main bodies.

The commanders of detached troops are not allowed to communicate with their commanders-in-chief, nor with each other except by messages, which should be in the form of properly-written reports—the art of writing reports being of the highest importance in warfare and one that every officer should understand. The time the messenger would take covering the distance to be traversed is calculated, and the message is handed to the officer to whom it is addressed at the time he would receive it.



Another of the measuring pieces.

When possible the commanders of detached troops are made to work on separate maps. When necessary, they are called in to see the umpire's map, such portions of the field as would not be visible to them being covered up.

In this way officers are obliged to act upon such conclusions as their own intelligence may enable them to draw from what is known to them of the enemy's movements. And they have to depend on their own dispositions and the capacity of their subordinates for gaining accurate information.

When two bodies of troops are engaged the umpire decides which has to retire, how much it has suffered, or, in extreme cases, which is annihilated. Occasionally the toss of a coin is resorted to when circumstances require it. For example, if two batteries come into action at the same moment, on equal ground, at a decisive range, it is evident they could not long remain firing at each other without result. The battery which first suffered seriously would then have to retire or suffer extinction from the superior fire of its opponent. All being equal, the umpire would spin a coin to decide which side must withdraw. But such equality of chances does not often happen.

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When the umpire is satisfied as to the result of the struggle, he stops the game and calls both sides to his map, criticises the orders given and the manner in which they have been executed, explains mistakes, and offers suggestions.

It will be seen that it is important to have a capable and experienced officer to act as umpire, as the value of the exercise much depends on the scheme set, the manner in which the game is umpired, and the criticisms passed when the play is over.

It must not be supposed that War Game can ever take the place of field manœuvres, any more than the experience of years of manœuvring can be balanced against that of a single scientifically conducted campaign.

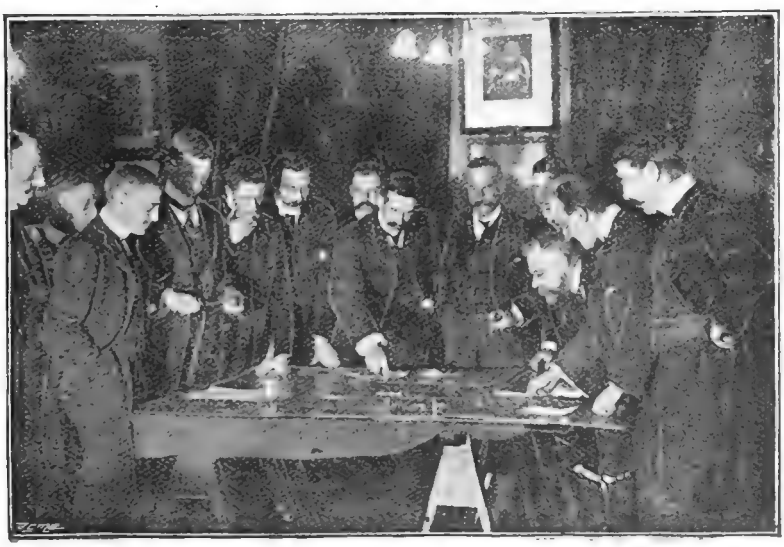
Nor does it always follow that an officer who is very successful at War Game and manœuvres will prove a great commander in the field. There is one notable instance, at least, where this test of a general's capacity proved disastrously delusive.

Nevertheless, the War Game tends to develop the habit of reflecting on tactical problems, and applying correct tactical principles to their solution. It helps to teach officers to penetrate the designs, dispositions, and condition of the enemy from slight indications, while masking their own, and it promotes the study of scientific warfare.

Von Moltke was a profound military student, so also was Skobeleff, the great Russian General of the last Russo-Turkish War. Our own Nelson was noted for his knowledge of naval tactics long before the opportunity came to him of distinguishing himself by their practice, and it was his constant habit ever to be reflecting on tactical problems. It was thus he prepared his mind to seize instantly the salient points of any problem which actually presented itself to him for practical solution, and all his reflection having been done beforehand, he was ready to act vigorously. Wellington as a young man made a point of studying all that bore upon his profession. Thus we see the great captains of the past did not disdain the study of tactics. It is to promote and assist this study that the War Game was invented and is so largely played.

What modern experts think of the educational value of Kriegspiel may be gathered from the fact that such men as Sir E. Wood, Adjutant-General to the Forces, Sir F. Grenfell, Governor of Malta, Generals Sir F. Clery (now in South Africa), Stirling, Luck, and many other distinguished soldiers, think it worth while to give up their time to setting schemes and umpiring at war games.

The game is often played at the War Office by members of the headquarter staff, at Aldershot, and many other places. Most instructive games are played at the United Service Institute, where Col. Lonsdale Hale, who is recognised as one of the great authorities on the game, supervises the arangements and often acts as umpire. During his command of the Home District, Lord Methuen frequently attended these games at the United Service Institute, of which he was then president.



A game in progress.

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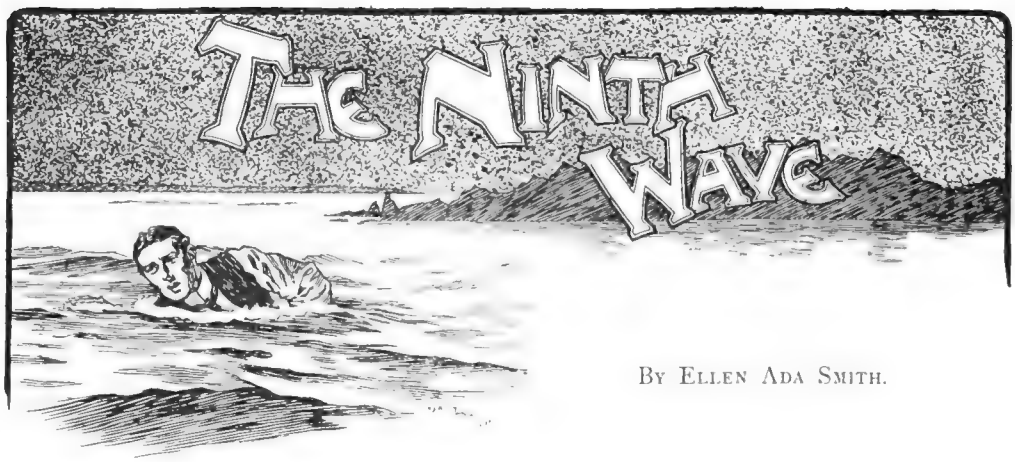

By Ellen Ada Smith.

He often used to laugh at my stiff formal letters, telling me that I had no literary ability. But mind you ! They were not love letters or I might have expressed myself more freely, for we were merely chums, he and I. As boy and girl we had shared many small adventures, although the simple village life did not give us much scope for anything brilliantly unsafe.

The vicar, my father and his tutor, had placed us upon our honour to tempt Providence on dry land alone, for his only son had gone out on the bay one afternoon to be brought back to us dead. This sorrow made my father hate the sea, and he moved all his books into another room where the window looked into our green orchard. We were allowed of course to go occasionally under safe and proper guidance, for life in a fishing village without the sea is only half of life, and John Frampton was too high-spirited a lad to be content with that. I know we both fretted under the restraint of our promise which made the forbidden freedom appear ten times more desirable.

Of course, it was after he had left us to fight his way in the world that he began to laugh at those letters of mine, which told him all the news with no grace of diction. His replies were a contrast, because he had undoubted literary talent, and hoped with practice to make use of it, yet it was I who made his name as a writer by telling a story known only to him and to me. At first this seems strange, seeing that I had no real power with my pen, but it is Wendell Holmes who asserts that everyone can write at least one story—their own.

But few would dare to do this; it takes a desperate courage, yet under stress I did it, and not unsuccessfully, and my words coined themselves into money and fame. It was the general opinion concerning me that I was a quiet little thing with nothing much in me. This is wrong, for something in me has suffered, and also rejoiced, but I could not speak any better than I could write, except once when the greatest fact of my life forced me to betray myself.

It was this betrayal which I wrote down so well, and the task that should rightly have seemed an act of humiliation was in reality a great relief, strangely like the laying down of a burden. I suppose it is the garrulity of greater comfort which makes me re-write the story in order to add the sequel, although I cannot tell it as I told it before. Like other foolish lovers, I wrote with my own heart's blood,and that too, may only be done truly —once.

Moreover, I had the world to please, and, as in pictures the strong sunlight helps to make the shadows deeper, I flung light, joyous touches first of all upon the canvas, and often and often I laughed merrily as I wrote late into the cold night. I don't think I cried once. I was too hopeful, too anxious to succeed, yet none the less I touched men's hearts by baring my own. As I wrote down one by one the merry pranks of our boy and girlhood, I seemed to live in the happy times again. The rapture of spring came deliciously about me, and my unseen room was roofed with apple-blossoms, showing fair against the clear blue which dyed the speedwells at my feet.

But this time, sweet as it is, I will not loiter by the way, for the real story began with his coming down to see us about harvest time, for he always spent a part of his holiday with

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us, making the sedate shabby old vicarage palpitate with new life. I saw at once that he had altered. I am quite certain that I have never seen anyone so radiantly glad, and I thought — but never mind what I thought, being so mistaken.

That same evening we went out together in the boat, and his youth and gladness made nothing of the strong tide which was striving to beat us back, and we were far beyond the reach of other voices when he told me of his news, with the sunshine full on his face. He was too dazzled to see mine and I quickly recovered myself, for womanly pride drew its mantle over my wound. My silence did not disconcert him, for he seemed quite to understand it.

"I know you are going to lecture me," he cried gaily; "I quite expect a preachment concerning ways and means. You will say a clerk on such a modest wage as mine has no business to dream of matrimony, but I've other irons in the fire, and although you laugh in your saturnine way when I call myself a genius, I'll prove you wrong in time."

Fortunately he gave me no time to answer, but went rhapsodising on as a man might who was young and foolish with love. Was I not his sister, or, better still, his chum, more accustomed to listen than to speak even in our happiest times together.

Meanwhile he was pulling like a Titan against the tide, only pausing once to take her picture from his breast that I might rhapsodise in my turn. She was very pretty; I knew she would be, and must be, to suit so critical a taste, for some had thought me pretty—and he did not.

Oh! she was very pretty, very golden and fluffy, but art, not nature, had ruffled her so prettily; my jealousy discovered that in a moment. In the rain, at least her hair would look despicable, while mine—! Her eyes, too, would soon be washed out with a few tears, into mere colourless globes—and even John Frampton himself admitted that my eyes were clear and dark and bright.

I was hating that smiling face with all my might when the keel of our boat grated roughly, and one of John's sculls broke in his hand. Dazzled by the sunshine he had taken no heed of our direction, and I had forgotten my duty. His first startled look behind him gave place to righteous anger, for we had run on to the snags, some sharp irregular rocks like miniature Isle of Wight Needles.

Oh, she was very pretty, very golden and fluffy!

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When the tide had turned about an hour they could be reached over a mile of hard yellow sand, but at high tide they were islands cut off from the mainland.

"You duffer, May!" he cried, reverting instantly to our original language before grown-up politeness had set in. "See what you've done for us!"

"I was looking at her photo," I answered, and so fatuous is love that I believe he would have considered my excuse ample if we had sunk there and then. Indeed, there was danger of this, for we had struck sharply in a rough sea, and our boat began to leak. After baling conscientiously for some time, we had to abandon her and take refuge on the rocks. At first it did not trouble me much to see her founder and sink, and I knew father would rejoice that he was too poor to buy another; but when I remembered the time of the year a stinging fear sent the blood to my face. John, who considered that the worst had come to the worst, was philosophically cheerful, for when does adventure come amiss to young blood? On dry land we had always been happiest in some awkward predicament, from which an emergence with dignity had depended on our nerve and courage.

"We are in for it now, May! but the tide must be on the turn; it has simply been racing in."

"But do you remember," I cried, "the time of the year, and that the neap tides are about? These rocks are not visible then; you can only guess at them by watching the white foam."

He remembered instantly, and we clasped hands like frightened children.

"Good God! And you cannot swim a stroke."

Oh! how warmly the love of life leapt in us both, but just then it meant infinitely more to him than to me. Something had gone out of mine never to return, but the game is not necessarily over, because your queen is lost and I did not want to die—quite the contrary, although any chance of escape seemed little or none. But I was determined that John should save himself, being a fair swimmer, and the safe yellow sands only half a mile distant. They looked so maddeningly close lighted dazzlingly by the westering sun. Such tranquil security so near apparently, mocked us with its distance, and the gulls wheeling fearlessly about the rocks had mockery too in their wild cries. A sharp line cut the great dazzling sun in half—it was the spire of our village church—and out to sea crimson clouds flamed in the evening sky, flinging down their colour on the water.

Such a situation has been used again and again by novelists, but I wonder how many writers have really felt that first cold wave wash gently about their feet, knowing they can take no backward steps into safety. It is a terrible thing to watch the beauty you have sported with and enjoyed turning inexorably into a fatality there is no resisting or evading. Seen through the imminent darkness life looks doubly, trebly, bright and sweet, with all its bitterness out of sight. And how much more must he have realised this than I, having more to lose, and with a way open of escape! I bade him take it, for he could not help me, and death is always lonely, come when it may.

He wrested his hungering eyes from the land to face me, and I saw them change into smiling steadfastness.

"No, May. We've been in many a scrape together, but I never remember one deserting the other."

I was frightened then, for it was seldom that I could not make him do as I wished. And already the spray was flying above us.

"You shall do it for her sake. Your life belongs to her."

I tempted him sorely, but he would not give in.

"Don't be tragic, May. I daresay we can manage to keep afloat until some fishing sloop comes round the point."

But I knew he spoke without real hope, for nothing rested on the crimsoned water but some floating gulls, tossed like corks in the swell. I did not feel resigned to my own fate, and I was fiercely determined that he should save himself, and fearless of conventionality for the time being. "If you will not do this for her sake, you shall for mine."

My words were an utter surprise to him. Yet he understood them instantly. Evidently such an idea had never entered his head. I did not mind. I meant him to understand, for it is a white light that streams through the gates of death, and only truth may live in it. But my purpose failed and even with the new and stronger love urging him to yield he would not, for in a different way I was dear to him too.

"I shall not leave you. It would be cowardly, and Eva would be the first to tell me so."

Even in my desperate distress I could have laughed. Knowing as surely then, as I know

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it now, that she had no courage—nothing on which a man can count in peril to help or sustain him, my contempt of her found voice in my pleading.

"And what right has Eva to speak between us now? She has loved you a few summer months only, while mine has been the patient growth of years. Listen to me! Remember how sweet life is and see how near your safety lies."

I pointed to the hard firm sands as I spoke. He could reach them alone I knew, but not with me. I was quite reckless then, but he made no movement, although his eyes were full of the pain of parting. For a few bitter moments he forgot me, and, seeing this, I slipped away from his side and made my way to a sharp knife-like spur of rock, something resembling the bowsprit of a ship. There was but a slender holding as I climbed out to the extreme end, and at any other time the swirling water underneath would have turned me giddy, but excitement and a wholesome fear of death kept hand and head steady.

It was then that he missed me, and glancing round startled, discovered my position.

"May! Are you mad? Come back instantly!"

"I will not. And unless you go now I shall fall."

I said this to frighten him, for there were sharp edges under the swirling water that could maim and hurt, and he knew it. My obstinacy made him passionately angry.

"Come back at once. If you loved me as you say you do, you would not dare to disobey me."

With the sharp spray stinging my face I laughed triumphantly knowing that Eva would have clung close enough to drown him.

"That sort of love is good enough for everyday use, but sometimes it must rise higher, or be utterly lost in cowardice. I will come back when you have started."

I saw him glance round slowly and searchingly, and then, without even one good-bye, he flung off coat and waistcoat, and, plunging into the water swam steadily away. I learnt afterwards that he only started to deceive me, but, as I scrambled back into a security which could only last twenty minutes or less, my strength of purpose faded away with its accomplishment.

"Death is always lonely," I found myself repeating, and it was cold comfort to mingle with the desolate cries of the sea birds.

* * *

Of course in the written story I avoided the feeble anti-climax of

"May! are you mad? Come back instantly!"

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being saved. Such a conclusion would have been awkward and inartistic, so I drowned myself decently and in order. The finish was not without grim realism, for, although I could see the fishing sloop that was to rescue me, I thought death must come first, and it was a veritable torture by hope until I was dragged into safety more than half drowned.

In swimming out John had seen our chance of rescue first and fearing we might not be noticed had gone to meet and intercept the vessel which brought us safely home. An engaged man has ample excuses for erratic movements, and to my father's surprise, John Frampton left us the next day. The position admitted of no other course, although he was chivalrously tender with me. But he could not hide a certain pity for my disappointment. A woman would never have betrayed this owing to the tact and deceit which occasionally serve her so well.

He went away and our correspondence ceased, although this was my doing not his. He had been married less than five years when I found myself practically alone in the world, for I had no brother or sisters. I was still young and full of energy, with the healthy springs of action unbroken. This was fortunate, for necessity made me a worker, and I became a shorthand clerk in a London publisher's office. In this establishment no one ate the bread of idleness, but as an onlooker, I was keenly interested in the people who came and went. Many were very clever, very amusing, and others chronically disappointed. Of the last John Frampton was one, although he did not come to the office. Without utterly failing he had not succeeded as a writer, and was still amongst the rank and file, and it often fell to my lot to return his rejected MS., although once in a while our editor would retain one for his magazine. I had great pleasure in inclosing those cheques knowing they were wanted, for strangely enough and through no seeking of mine, John and his family were my neighbours. Two cheap suburban streets ran parallel to each other with the houses standing back to back, and only divided by small dreary gardens and a bleak stone wall, upon which no creeper would thrive. In one of these streets I rented two rooms, and in summer evenings John's children would often lose a plethoric rubber ball in my landlady's garden—a most spiritless ball with no bounce left owing to an unmendable rent. I stole it one night, throwing over instead a gaily painted, frivolous young ball of most active propensities. Yes! we were near neighbours, although we never met, for John used the underground and I went always by omnibus.

He was only a clerk in a surveyor's office, and his marriage was a failure. The back of a house and its garden is a most instructive thing to look at if you would judge of the housewife. On Sundays she was extremely ornamental, but sloth reigned during the week, and the shabby little servant who gossiped with my landlady over the wall was always dirty.

In the lamplit evenings I could look across from my late tea and see John at his. She rarely gave him anything better than tinned provisions, which were no good preparation for the toil, that kept him waking far into the night. She should have consulted her own interests better, for underfeeding and overwork brought about their inevitable consequences. John fell ill—John who had always been so hale and hearty. He could not go to his office, and the doctor became a constant visitor. The landlady told me all about it, and I saw the shabby sofa drawn out from its place into the warmth of the fire. But how could the man rest or recover with only that inefficient, golden-haired wife to lean upon? She had no courage, no strength of affection, with which to uphold his sinking spirits. It made my heart ache to see him trying to write—and failing. Ill health and anxiety completely stultified his talent, and this was soon discovered at the office where I was employed. The editor expressed his disappointment at John Frampton as a contributor quite frankly.

"I thought we should get something really good from him in time. I quite expected it, but this is very nearly rubbish. Send it back, please, Miss Edis."

I took the work of many anxious hours from him, and read it in my dinner hour. The editor was right, it was very nearly rubbish, and quite worthless from a money-getting point of view, but the title was to me a perfect inspiration—"The Ninth Wave." Surely there was just one story I could write to fit such a title which should be better than his. I had no power of invention or plot, but in this case it was merely to write down what I knew by heart, doing it with the power of great sincerity. Reading between the lines of his manuscript, I saw clearly that he was in a slough of despond, and a longing to help took irresistible possession of me. I embezzled that story of his, knowing it valueless, and commenced my own that evening. Of

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I threw over a gaily-painted frivolous ball of most active propensities.

course, I was artful enough to borrow a little of his style, but otherwise the story wrote itself easily, naturally, and not without dignity. I was merely the medium, but my words were not dead, they had the truth and glow of life, although the end was tragic. I had to hurry through those last pages on account of having lost myself a little in those pleasant places trodden by the joyous feet of a boy and girl. Of course, the "ninth wave" drowned me, so corroborating his title, and although it was long for a short story I did it so quickly that I had typed it before the week was out, signing John's name and giving his address. But before posting the MS., I had to kill myself a second time; it was necessary to enable John to reap any benefit from my duplicity. Sooner or later he would know that only I could have written the story and suffer honourable scruples, unless I removed them with an official notification of my demise.

It was quite easy. I went into a stationer's shop and chose a memorial card, it was a pretty thing in grey and silver, with a symbolical urn to contain my symbolical ashes—and it did not even do that! I ordered one with my name to be printed in.

The shopman was not struck with the liberality of my grief.

"One?" he repeated.

"Yes, one. It is for a friend of hers."

"But aren't there more? Wouldn't you like one yourself?"

"Of course! It is for me."

He thought me mad evidently, but my order was executed, and on Sunday I went down to Gravesend and posted it. I also posted my story signed in John's name, and sent it to our firm, because they always read his things carefully and paid very liberally. Somehow I had no doubt of success, and my faith was fully justified. The editor, who is also our junior partner and the one I like best, did not hesitate about accepting this first literary venture. He read it in my presence, and I felt myself white with anxiety until he expressed his great satisfaction.

"What fits of stupidity these writers have! This is far and away the strongest thing that Frampton has ever done, although his effort last week was feebleness itself. Oddly enough, he has chosen the same title, and it suits the story well. Tell me what you think of it."

For form's sake I read the words I knew so well, and laid the manuscript on his table again.

"It is certainly good, and finishes well."

The junior partner fluttered over the leaves with a practised hand.

"The finish is nothing—its only novelty is the drowning of the girl; but the first part breathes the very spirit of youth and enjoyment. You can gather the flowers as you go, and hear the children laughing. If this were unsigned I should say a woman had written it."

This was disconcerting, but I made no sign that the accusation came home to me, and I received his instructions as usual.

"It is too long for one issue; we must divide it. Please write and offer Mr. Frampton twenty pounds. His work this time is justly worth it."

It was a larger sum than I had anticipated, and I rejoiced, knowing the comfort it would bring to a distressed household, but I also knew that the payment, although sure, might

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be delayed some months, and this I tried to prevent.

"I happen to know that Mr. Frampton is seriously out of health. I almost think he would be glad of the money now."

Perhaps I was a little too earnest for the junior partner looked at me sharply; he was himself a writer and therefore a trained observer, bur I had all the courage of success to carry me to the end.

"Indeed, you know him then?" he asked alertly.

"In a sense, for we are near neighbours, and his servant and my landlady gossip over the garden wall."

I doubt if life ever held more zest for me even in my happiest days than when I wrote a suave typed missive to John Frampton accepting his "Ninth Wave," and enclosing that plump satisfactory cheque.

Of course I had done something very wrong—very unwomanly, but in no other way could I have rendered help, or stopped that aching of heart which was so bad to bear. Then again I had succeeded and success is nearly always justified, although I could not follow it up. I tried once from sheer curiosity and merely evoked regretful thanks from end to end of Fleet Street.

But for John Frampton that "Ninth Wave," brought a tide of good fortune. Editors began to take him seriously; he became known and liked by the reading public, and his talent thrived upon hope.

He has a fine house at Hampstead now, and his butter fly wife has dried her wings in the sunshine, and entertains charmingly.

The "Ninth Wave" was prosperously in print before John discovered my fraud. He came at once to the office and stated frankly that although the story bore his name, he had not written a word of it. But it was too late in the day for our firm to trouble themselves much about that, and they said so.

The junior partner gave me an account of the interview, and enforced my attention by withholding the work I had come for.

"Mr. Frampton declares that only one person could have written it, and he thought her dead."

I tried to render my duplicity equal to the occasion, but it was trying.

"Did he mention her name. It sounds like a psychical research affair, or is it merely the eccentricity of genius?"

I held out an impatient hand for the letters and did not get them yet his state of remorseless hurry was usually chronic.

"He would not give the name. I wish he had. Possibly your last theory is right, only I should call it the folly of genius. I told you a woman had written that thing, and events prove her an utterly foolish one."

I was dismissed then sharply enough, but only into the outer darkness of my own little office.

Was the junior partner right? I think not, and so perhaps does he, for if I want a holiday I always ask him in preference to the others. I am busy and by no means unhappy. The becomingness of my hats is still an object with me, and when days are very grey and unlovely, I walk in the reflected glow and sunlight of John Frampton's prosperity.

"I told you a woman had written that thing, and events prove her an utterly foolish one."

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The Baden-Powell Bees.

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs taken for the Royal Magazine *by special permission.*

Colonel Baden-Powell's boyish daring, quaint slangy telegrams, the versatility of his gifts, and his wide and absorbing interest in everything that pertains to the honour and aggrandisement of his country—all these have endeared him to Englishmen, as no other officer in the British Army always barring Lord Roberts. Everything concerning him, and his life published in recent journals has been read with eager interest, and I feel sure that the readers of the Royal Magazine will not be at all averse to hearing a few interesting facts about his home and what is to be seen there.

The London house of the Baden-Powells, at 8, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, is perhaps one of the most unique private houses in the Metropolis. It is there that Mrs. Baden-Powell, the Colonel's mother, and Miss Baden-Powell, his sister, at present reside, and when I called a short while since, the former lady very kindly showed me some of the curiosities of the house, and gave me a few interesting facts concerning herself and her belongings.

The Hive as it stands in the Drawing-Room.

The two most unique features of No. 8, St. George's Place, are the bee-hives in the drawing-room and the aviary on the staircase. Bee-hives in a drawing-room, and in a London drawing-room to boot! It sounds incredible, but the Baden-Powells, original in most things, are original in the choice of their pets. Some thirty years ago these bees were given to Mrs. Baden-Powell by Sir Benjamin Brodie,

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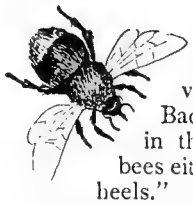
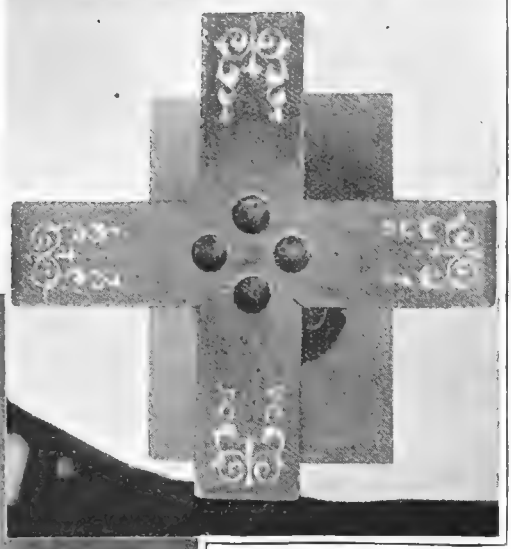


and ever since then they have thriven and multiplied. Others have in vain tried to emulate Mrs. Baden-Powell and keep hives in their drawing-rooms; the bees either died or "took to their heels." One would imagine that the insects might cause no little annoyance to visitors and people foolishly frightened of them, harmless though they really are, but the hives are so built that not a bee can get into the room beyond his hive.

These hives of plaited straw, with glass windows that allow the insects to be seen working within, stand on decorated pedestals all along one wall of the drawing-room. The square pipe, shown in one of our photographs, is the means by which the bees get in and out of the hives.

Mrs. and Miss Baden-Powell are fond of collecting the honey in queer frames, the queerest of these being the model of a bicycle

A Comb in the Form of a Maltese Cross.



Looking down upon the Cruciform Comb.

This shows the Metal Pipe which enables the Bees to leave the Hive for the Open Air.

which they placed in the hive, and around which the bees speedily built their combs. It is now preserved in a glass case and forms one of the curiosities of the drawing-room.

The Maltese cross, of which there are two photographs, was another experiment. One of the photographs gives, so to speak, a birds-eye view of the thing. In another one you see the Cross at an elevation, its depth filled with honey-comb. A wooden model of the words "Baden-Powell" was another of these curious forms, of which, however, we were not able to obtain a photograph, it having lately come to grief during the process of mounting.

Mrs. Baden-Powell tells many queer stories about the bees, which she has watched for thirty years with such affectionate interest. Her observations might very well be of use to naturalists and bee-lovers, such as Sir John Lubbock. What interested me most of all was a little fact about etiquette—

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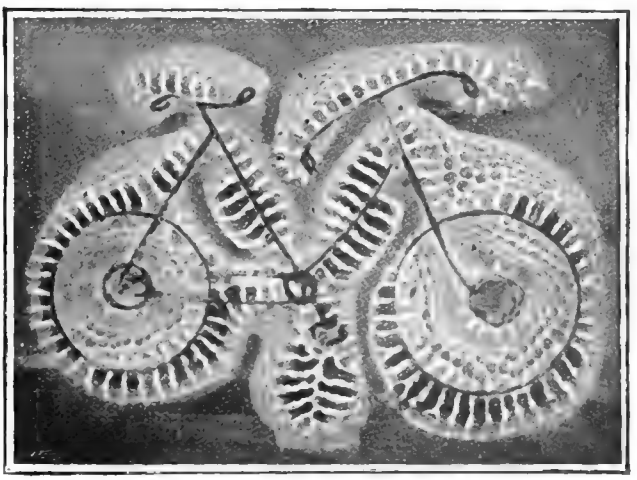
bee-etiquette, that is to say—which I think few people know. That bees have very stringent social rules everybody who knows anything about them is well aware, but I think it will come as a novelty to most people to hear that the queer rule in royal courts which forbids a subject ever to turn his back on his sovereign, obtains in bee-land. When visiting their queen, who by some skilful arrangement in the making of the hive, is always visible, the bees advance with the utmost humility, and on leaving her, *walk backward until they are out of her presence!* They seem, moreover, extraordinarily nervous of meeting her regal gaze. Mrs. Baden-Powell assures me that sometimes they tumble over each other in their haste to avoid being seen. Certainly more interesting pets it would be impossible to imagine. It is said that Colonel Baden-Powell, when at home, takes great delight in watching the lives and customs of his mother's pets, and in this he is not so original as he appears at the first glance. It is a matter of fact that insects, such as ants and bees, have all through history greatly interested men of military genius. Robert Bruce and Napoleon are two well-known cases to the point. Everyone knows the story of the former and his spider, and most people, I think, have heard of the great Corsican's love of bees. It went so far as to induce him to change the Royal emblem of France from a *fleur-de-lys* to the Imperial emblem, a bee. At Madame Tussaud's, where his coronation finery is shown, everyone has seen the golden bees with which these gorgeous robes are embroidered.

The Hive with its Covering Removed.

The other unique ornament of No. 8, St. George's Place, is, as I remarked before, the aviary. On the first floor, as one mounts to the drawing-rooms, stands a young fir-tree in a tub. It is caged over, and the cage is full of all manner of birds, chiefly singing birds. They are the peculiar pets of Miss Baden-Powell, the Colonel's sister, who, by the way, is not the least gifted of the family, being an artist of considerable reputation in metal work.

Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, the Colonel's younger brother, has long been known in artistic circles as a painter of no ordinary merit. A picture of his that many people may have seen, represents the late Lord Millais's last visit to the Academy, and in the drawing-room at No. 8, a really magnificent sea-scape from his brush, impressed me immensely when I was there.



A Honeycomb in the form of a Bicycle.

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JUNO THE TIGRESS.

By
Roland Merrick.

I.

In an underground den situated at the far end of a magnificent garden on the Palatine Hill, a huge tigress was pacing to and fro, as far as the length of chain which fastened her to the wall would permit. Sometimes she growled angrily, so that even passers in the Via Sacra could hear her threatenings, while anon she waited to watch intently the massive wooden door, now closed, which gave entrance to her prison.

At last there was a rattling of bars and bolts, and as the door swung slowly back the beast uttered a howl of expectation. Two men entered, bearing between them the half of a sheep; and immediately the tigress became wildly excited, stretching and straining her chain in a frantic attempt to reach the food thus tantalisingly dangled before her eyes.

"Juno is not used to a late breakfast," said one of the men, whose black hair and eyes and swarthy complexion proclaimed him to be an Egyptian. "One might think she had tasted no food for a week. I have never seen her so impatient before."

"Ah! Gyges," replied the other, "'tis fortunate that chain can be relied upon, or it would go hardly with us. Keep Juno a few hours longer and she will be a fury."

"A petted devil," said the first; "give her all she wants, and she is civil, but keep her waiting but a moment for her meal and she is ready to rend any but her master to pieces. If Tullius Capito did but treat his slaves half as well as he does his tigress they would be a contented family."

By this time the other man—a tall, fair fellow with light blue eyes, whose native home was the great northern province that Julius Cæsar had so recently added to the empire—had pushed the meat within reach of the tigress. The magnificent brute sprang upon it, and carried it to the remotest corner of its den, and was soon fiercely engaged upon its eagerly expected meal.

"She makes you envious, Gyges," said the feeder, "since she is petted by our master. Perhaps you are thinking that the only stripes her back has known she never feels! My back aches now with those I have suffered; how fares yours?"

"My back? Well, I hardly know. I smart, but I would that I smarted more! I love pain! I love it, Correus!" said the Egyptian, with savage energy.

"Why, I thought you had been beaten enough! For me it is nothing. We hardy Northerners are used to endurance. But for you, the scholar, whose back has hardly bowed even before our master, the scourge must be a terror indeed."

"By Isis and all the gods of Egypt, it shall be a terror for Tullius Capito! My wounds will never heal until they have been avenged on the accursed patrician. Every gaping mouth of them cries for vengeance."

"I sympathise with you, Gyges," commenced the Gaul; but his companion interrupted him fiercely.

"Give me not sympathy," he cried, "'tis revenge I crave." Then, after a pause: "Fool

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that this tyrant is to make me his enemy! Fool! to treat me like an ignorant beast that has no knowledge of justice, no soul to feel the cruelty of fate, no intellect to devise the weapon of revenge."

The swarthy man looked like another beast of prey as he strode up and down in the den, just as the hungry tigress had done a few minutes before. His keen, dark eyes were afire with anger, and his companion gazed upon him open-mouthed.

"Hush, Gyges," he said at last, raising a warning hand, "or you will bring us both to the punishment again. For me it is almost nothing—a little pain, and I smile again; but for you—" and at the bare suggestion of the scourge upon his back the Egyptian shuddered so that the Gaul refrained from further comment.

"My wounds will never heal until they have been avenged on the accursed patrician," said Gyges.

There was a pause of a moment or two, and then Gyges, from whose small, keen eyes the fire of unsatisfied revenge again blazed forth, spoke.

"Have you no soul, Correus?" he asked, seizing his comrade's arm with a grasp so intent that the fingers held like steel bands, "no sense of what should be ours? This Tullius Capito, ex-tribune of the people, patrician and pleasure-seeker, is but a man like ourselves—not so clever or cunning as I am, not so honest or strong as you. Why should he have power to make our lives a shame, this fair world a place of torture?"

"I do not trouble my thoughts about such things," answered the Gaul. "The gods decreed that my people should be defeated in battle, and as I was one of the captives it followed naturally that I should be sold into slavery. One day I may obtain my freedom, and then I shall return to the fair fields of my Northern home."

"You, being a brave warrior, have you never yet longed to strike back at the coward who scourges us because his own hide is secure? If I were but a free man! Tullius Capito would not then dare to lay a hand upon me; it should be his life or mine, if he crossed my path. But now he thinks himself secure, the coward, the tyrant, and he tortures me! Ye gods, it is beyond endurance! I cannot live through it!" And again the man broke into the fierce striding to and fro that was so like that of the mighty beast at the other end of the den.

"It is your first scourging," said Correus. "When you have had a score, as I have had, you'll not heed."

"A score!" snarled Gyges, turning so suddenly on his companion that the latter started back a pace or two in alarm. "Not

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another—never another! One of us shall die first, Tullius Capito or I. It were a good thing for you if it were the tyrant."

"I'll not say that I love the tyrant. There is not a harder one in Rome; and as to dying, I am with you there. Life is not so pleasant to a slave of Tullius Capito that he need fear death."

Gyges came closer to the other, whispering—"Are you willing to risk your life for revenge? If we lose the game, remember it is the torture ending up with crucifixion. Are you willing to risk that?"

"I am, if you are," was the answer, "it is all as the gods will, and death would be welcome even if it were ushered in by torture."

"But we shall not fail, we shall succeed in our revenge," said the other breathlessly; "I have thought out my scheme. All last night as I lay awake, my back on fire with the cuts, and my soul rebelling against my slavery, I thought it out. Yet there is the risk. I want your help, but I would not let you blindly take the chance of death by torture."

"I take it willingly. The gods hold my life in their hands, and I have sent you to me, therefore I follow, and if it comes to the torture I can die as well as Luterius whom the master crucified a year ago."

"Aye, I remember. I shall never forget—I heard him cry for vengeance, and I ought to have struck while I was still somewhat of a man, though I had been cut down a moment later. I was a coward then, I was too fond of my own skin, and I only pitied. To-morrow I will tell you my plans; to-day, when I see the tyrant, I shall think of the consummation of them, and in that hope, in the fury of the dream of it, I shall try to forget that I stood but yesterday to be scourged before the whole *familia*, a degraded slave."

"Juno has gorged herself now, and we must take her to the master. I am sorry that such work should fall to you, a scholar, but it gives no headaches, as your learning would to me. There is nothing to fear, for Juno is amiable enough when she has fed. Come, old girl. Come along."

The tigress rose slowly from the floor where she had been gnawing the bones of her repast, and came bloody-mouthed toward the Gaul, purring hoarsely the while.

Correus stroked her beautiful head and rubbed her ears while Gyges, unobserved by the brute, unfastened the chain which held her to the wall and quickly fixed two smaller chains of polished steel, magnificently ornamented, into rings that were welded to the golden collar.

"Come, old girl," cried the Gaul again, and the tigress stepped out towards the door, rubbing herself against her keeper as she did so, and stretching her long, lithe body, so handsome and yet so terrible. Each of the men took a chain, and pacing slowly between them Juno went to pay her morning visit to her master.

Across the beautiful garden, laid out upon the northern slopes of the Palatine Hill, proceeded the strange trio. Several slaves tending the flowers and shrubs paused in their work to bandy words with Correus and Gyges, while one or two of the more favoured female servants who were walking in the balmy summer air hurried in their steps to put a safe distance between themselves and the terrible animal whom they so greatly feared.

"Flee not Marica," cried Correus laughingly to a beautiful maiden of his master's household, for whom he felt more than an ordinary liking. "Juno is safe enough so long as I hold the chain. She should devour me ere a hair of your head be harmed."

Marica would have replied but at this moment the freedman of Capito, a Greek named Epenætus, came in sight, and the tigress was at once led towards the house. The two slaves in charge of the beast had no desire to receive a scourging at the hands of their master's tyrannical steward for the mere pleasure of hearing a pretty girl's voice.

"Where is our lord?" asked Correus of a slave whose duty it was to stand by the pillared porch that led from the garden into the mansion.

"You will find him in the atrium alone," was the reply. "He was only just now fuming at the delay in bringing Juno to him. You had better hasten if you wish to escape another scourging."

Gyges paled at the thought of the punishment, but a close observer would have noticed the look of intense hate which passed momentarily over his face.

Tullius Capito was reclining upon a couch of ivory and gold. The trumpets of the Prætorian guards had just sounded the seventh hour from the Capitol, and the last of the ex-tribune's clients had left, enabling their lord to obtain the rest that his effeminate nature needed. He was dressed in the toga, or flowing robe, of white wool that formed the national dress of every Roman patrician. Over him stood a Nubian slave-girl of graceful form, waving slowly backwards and forwards a fan of white ostrich feathers, that her lord might not be oppressed by the heat,

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which at this time of the year was very great in the Imperial City.

"At last!" cried the patrician, with a vicious leer at Gyges. Then he turned to the great tigress, who was tearing at her chains, and called her by her name.

"Juno! Juno!"

The beast purred and bounded towards her master, pulling the attendants behind her. She rubbed her head against his outstretched hand, and let his white fingers tickle her uplifted chin that was still wet with blood.

"My beautiful one," he cried, "you are a model for the rest of creation. When the gods made you they did their best work. So beautiful, so strong, so loving, yet so fierce."

The great cat purred its gratitude, and then lay peacefully down beside the couch, the two slaves standing by and still holding the chains.

When he had toyed with the tigress for some time, Capito directed his attention to the two slaves.

"Brute, beast!" he cried to her as he struck her. "I hate you, you are Capito's model; I hate all he cares for!"

"What, my Gyges," he cried mockingly at the heavy browed man of science and letters, "how like you this new employment? It will give your weary brains a rest, and strengthen your sinews. When Juno tugs at her chains I'll warrant she'll make your limbs ache."

The Egyptian made no reply, but, with his eyes looking down, stood motionless.

"Ah! sulking, are you?" his master went on jeeringly, "you will want some more stripes to subdue that stubborn spirit, and by the gods you shall have them. Physician, or no physician, you shall learn the duty of a slave to a master. Kneel, you hound," he shouted, with sudden vehemence.

As one deaf, the man stood, not a muscle showing life, save for the slightly heaving chest.

"Throw him down," cried Capito, and several of the slaves at the far end of the atrium sprang forward eager to please the lord of life and death. They forced Gyges quickly to the ground, where he lay prone, still, motionless but for a little panting.

Tullius Capito carelessly lifted one leg from the couch and put his foot upon the fallen man's neck.

"Understand once for all, you Egyptian viper," he said, "that you are mine, body and soul, to obey my commands without hesitation; I will break your spirit, and crush your body until you come whining to me for mercy. Your back shall be scored across and across yet, like a fisher's net. Too long have I given you licence because you who studied at my expense had learned enough to cure me when I lay ill. Your knowledge is mine, bought with my money. Bah! it was only as though I had cured myself, and yet you put on airs and took advantage of my kindness as though you had been a free man, and not a vile slave. A slave—do you hear, viper?"

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The Egyptian was still lying upon the ground with his face downward, but had the patrician been able to see the expression of malignant satisfaction that came over his slave's face he would have felt less at ease, for he knew the man to be one who would stop at nothing to achieve his purpose. The master felt his safety in the apparent fact that Gyges could do nothing without his knowledge and approval. He had no access to his lord's food or wine cups, and as to any physical violence, why the patrician would have laughed at the very thought of such a thing.

"I was going to take you to my villa at Antium; now you will remain here with Correus and tend Juno, and mind she is well cared for, or the scourging you have had will be nothing to that you will have. You alone will be accounted guilty of any neglect or harm to her."

The speaker turned again to the beautiful creature.

With a roar the tigress tore herself free and sprang upon her master.

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"Farewell, my Juno!" he cried; "I have to leave you for a month. I would sooner part with a score of slaves, but I cannot take you with me. Some are so foolish. They do not trust your love as I do," and he fondled the creature that lazily purred her pleasure at the caress.

"A last farewell," he said at length, and then to the slaves, "take her away, and remember what my vengeance will be if she is not cared for as I would wish."

There was a final caress, and then Gyges, who had now risen to his feet, and his companion, pulling at the chains, forced the unwilling beast to follow them.

II.

On the day following the departure of Tullius Capito for Antium the tigress was heard to howl incessantly for hours together. The same thing happened the next day, and the next. The freedman, Epenætus, inquired the reason, and Correus answered him that Juno was fretting for her master, and no one could quiet her.

"Well, I am not going to risk my life by trying to appease her," said the freedman, "feed her more, give her all you can, but keep her quiet."

"Nothing will keep her quiet until our lord return," reiterated Correus, and so it became known that the noise from the den was owing to this cause, and the others fearing the angry beast did not go near her, leaving all to Gyges and his Gallic comrade.

Day after day the growling and groaning continued. So far from getting resigned to the absence of her master, Juno seemed to become even more fierce, for the incessant cries which she uttered in her rage became louder and fiercer as the month wore on. Epenætus being a tyrant was, as might have been expected, a coward, and he never went near the tigress' den. In fact, during his master's absence he avoided that portion of the garden in which the den was situated. So matters proceeded until the morning before the patrician was to return to his mansion.

Inside the tiger's den stood two men, one the living image of Tullius Capito himself. He was standing before Juno, and holding out of her reach a great piece of meat just beyond the great paws which frantically clutched for it, to an accompaniment of deep howling. Then, instead of giving the food to her, the man struck at her with an iron rod, so that the tigress retreated crying dismally, and yet again, undaunted by the pain, came for the tempting food which she could all but grasp.

"Sometimes when I look at you, Gyges," said Correus as he stood watching the performance, "I could fancy you were the tyrant himself. You seem as cruel as he is, too."

"I am," came the firm answer.

"But may not the poor creature have one piece of meat? She has had nothing for forty-eight hours now, and our lord won't be home before to-morrow."

"To-morrow! How I have prayed Isis to send it speedily," said Gyges.

"I believe it is true that Juno thinks you are her master, dressed as you are like him, and with your hair as his, and that makes her the more angry," said Correus.

"It is what I planned. You are not afraid? You would not draw back?"

"No, I am your comrade. To-morrow we shall have our revenge, and even the gods could not reveal that we have had a hand in the tragedy."

"If you want our plans to succeed do not feed Juno—not a morsel. She shall be properly famished. Brute, beast!" he cried to her as he struck at her, "I hate you, you are Capito's model; I hate all he cares for, treacherous, vile thing—I hate you as you have learned to hate the sight of your lord," and, as he spoke, he struck again and again at the beast, who, in despair, turned and tried to fend the blows with her forepaws, and to catch the sharp iron in her white teeth; only, however, to receive the point in her cheek, so that she howled the more, and sprang in frightened fury from side to side of the den, and leaped as high as the roof of it.

"By to-morrow she will be ready," said Gyges; "now bury the meat." And as the Gaul, obediently taking it away, went to do his comrade's bidding, Juno raised a despairing cry as she saw it disappear. Gyges stood for a while sullenly regarding the furious beast, and then, giving her another thrust, left the den.

"Thank the gods!" said Epenætus the freedman a while after, "that our lord will be home to-morrow, and then we shall have some rest. I would not own a wild brute to keep my people fearing if I were a patrician of Rome."

"If you were a patrician you would do as they do—all manner of evil things," said Gyges.

"Keep silent, hound," said the other angrily, "or I will have you scourged till your back is a mass of mangled flesh. Our lord would thank me for punishing you thus, and, by the gods! I will do it if you dare so far again."

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For a moment Gyges was inclined to retaliate and reply to the tyrannical freedman. He had ever disliked Epenætus, partly on account of his personality and partly because of the influence the Greek had with his master, which was far greater than that which the Egyptian himself had formerly exercised.

But Gyges was too wise to risk his revenge on Tullius Capito for the pleasure of irritating a freed slave like Epenætus, whom he despised utterly, and therefore he went away silent, his face black and sullen with repressed wrath.

On some future occasion he would wreak vengeance on the Greek. If he could but bring about the destruction of his master, the downfall of the servant would be a far easier matter and one requiring little or no ingenuity.

On the next afternoon Tullius Capito sat sleek and smiling in his atrium. There were no travel stains or signs of weariness to mar his appearance. Beside him stood Epenætus the freedman as he recounted the transactions of the past month.

"And what of Juno? She is howling now. Have they treated her unkindly? for, if so——"

"No, no, my lord," cried the freedman eagerly, "but the poor beast is inconsolable at your absence. She has done nothing but cry since you went away. It has been terrible to hear her."

"Ah! at least one creature knows and loves me," said the patrician, looking proudly around him; "tell them to bring her to me."

A slave went down to the den where Gyges and Correus stood together.

"The master has returned and wants to see his Juno," he said.

"And she shall go to him," cried Gyges in such a tone of glee that the slave was amazed, it was strange that this always-sullen man was so suddenly happy. But no doubt he was glad to hear that the lord had returned, and that henceforth Juno would be quieter and more docile.

"Go and say she is coming," said Gyges. "Here, take this meat and trail it on the ground to the door of the atrium and then give it away. He handed a shoulder of mutton to the man who, with the unthinkingness of the slave, did as he was bidden.

It was no easy task to release the chains which held the tigress to the wall, and indeed, taking precautions for their own safety, the slaves decided to substitute rigid steel bars for the chains with which they usually led the beast in to their master. There was precedent for such a course, and it would be necessary to protect themselves in this way, or the great hungry creature would spring upon them and rend them asunder. By holding the steel bars rigid they could keep Juno at a safe distance. This was easier on account of the fact that the bars were provided with sharp spikes at the end where they joined the collar of the animal, and any attempt at springing to one side or the other would be punished severely by the pricking of the spikes. The slaves dared not let the animal follow the trail of blood without restraint, or they would be found guilty of neglecting their duty, and should any harm less than death happen to their lord, they would be tortured without mercy and finally crucified.

The trailed meat, however, had the effect of concentrating the attention of the hungry tigress as she sprang forward and followed the scent without any attempt upon her guardians.

So fierce was her manner and so rapid her pace that the two men could scarce keep up with their charge, as she leapt forward, snarling and flashing her white teeth. On she went, tearing and dragging, up the steps to the portico, through the great bronze gates and wide passage into the atrium, where the scent of the meat was lost by cross trails.

For a moment the tigress hesitated. Then her master spoke:

"Why, Juno, old beauty, are you glad to see your lord? Have you been fretting so much during my absence?"

At the sound of the voice the beast looked towards the couch where the patrician reclined. Then, with a roar that could be heard distinctly in the Forum Romanum, so it was afterwards ascertained, she tore herself free from the willing leaders and sprang upon him whom she supposed to be her relentless tormentor of the past month.

Flying slaves entered the atrium from various directions, but not until they had brought flaming firebrands could they drive the tigress from the torn body of their lord, and then it was only to discover that the mangled, bloody mass was absolutely unrecognisable.

Juno was slain and the secret of those happenings in the underground den during the month that the ex-tribune was absent from his city home remained for ever in the bosoms of the slaves Gyges and Correus, who for their gallant attempts to rescue their lord received their freedom.

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X RAYS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

By F. C. Harrison.

The Photographs Illustrating this Article were taken in Pietermaritzburg Military Hospital by Mr. A. Allerston, and up to the time of going to press, are the only Photographs of their kind which have reached England. The photographic heading shows the Hospital at Pietermaritzburg.

There have been many remarkable discoveries in this dying century which have tended to the alleviation of suffering and the saving of life; but for magnitude of usefulness the Röntgen rays will not improbably stand out prominently as the crowning *magnum opus*. The application of this so-called light to medical science has changed the whole aspect of human suffering. In the Transvaal war its utility has been, and is being most strikingly demonstrated. Its possibilities have been manifested to an extent never before paralleled, and it would seem as though its discovery were arranged to meet its need, albeit it was only accidentally discovered. The introduction of the wonderful medium is, indeed, one of the remarkable features connected with the war. Upon its use after the battles, have hung the lives of hundreds of the brave men who had been struck down by the accurate aim of the Boer Mauser rifles, and, when, at length, the campaign is over, and the conflict with its many side-issues is judged on "history's sullen page," a conspicuous place will be given to the X-rays.

By the aid of X-rays the treatment of the wounded is now very different from what it was when bullets were only found by probing and operation.

While before, a wounded man with a bullet in him was incapacitated sometimes for years and sometimes for ever, he is now, thanks to X-rays, at once relieved of the missile, and in the South African climate his recovery is so rapid that within a surprisingly short space of time he regains his health and is enabled to return to the field of active service. The percentage of invalids forced to return to England is, therefore,

Bullets discovered by the X-rays and afterwards extracted.

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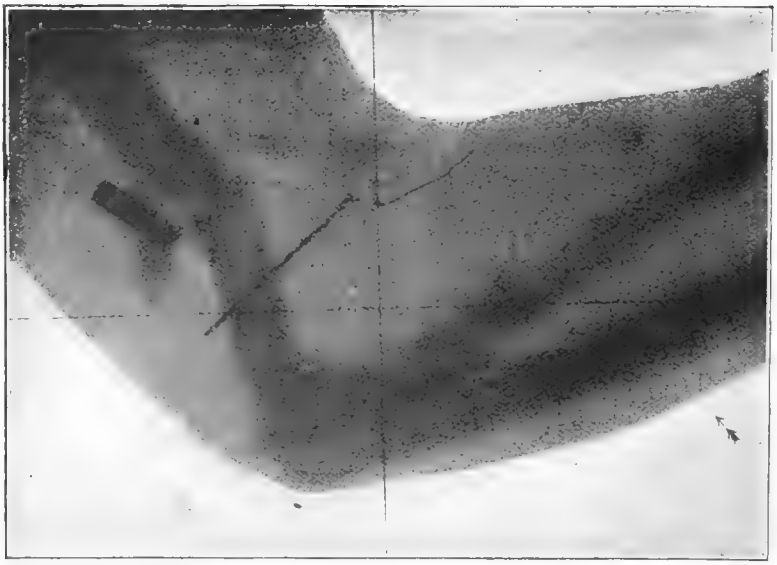
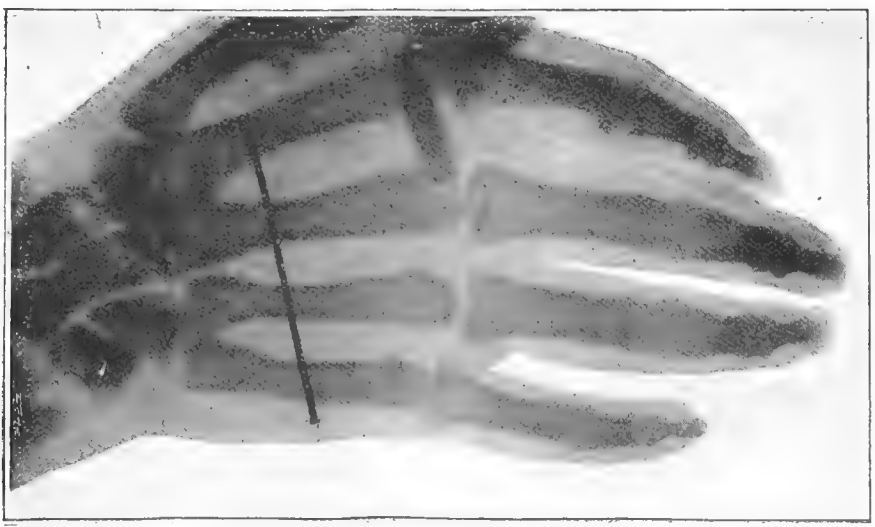
comparatively small to what it used to be. Only those cases where the bullets have lodged in a dangerous part are sent home for treatment, and these are a very small portion of the actual casualties.

Within a month of the battle of Colenso, some hundreds of the disabled men were back again at the front, wearing on their watch-chains the bullets which had been extracted from them and anxious to join in the next conflict. But for the X-rays these men would have had to be invalided home, and the fighting-strength would to a larger extent have been weakened.



A bullet in a Fusilier's arm. Read about the mysterious course which this bullet followed after it struck the soldier

Altogether there are six sets of the apparatus in the field, but the greatest work has been done by those in Natal where the fiercest of the fighting has taken place. The unfortunate colony has three sets handy, but one of these was brought into use only after the battle of Colenso. The two in operation comprised one belonging to the forces shut up in Ladysmith, and one worked by a volunteer, belonging to the Natal Government, and a chemist of Maritzburg, Mr. Allerston. The latter gentleman rendered yeoman service at a time when there was no other person available in the colony who understood the working of the apparatus, and succeeded in finding and locating bullets where none was suspected. No sooner were the battles over than the wounded were removed in the special ambulance trains to the base hospitals at Pietermaritzburg, and those cases showing only one wound, indicating that the bullet had entered the body and remained there, were at once treated by the rays.



This photograph of a soldier's hand is particularly remarkable in that it revealed a bullet embedded in the fleshy part of the hand just below the knuckle, where it had never been suspected that a bullet existed. In fact, a doctor who had examined the hand declared that there was no bullet there at all.

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The course taken by a bullet is very mysterious, and in many cases all the medical skill in the world would fail to ascertain its lodgment without the maximum of probing and fruitless operation. A man, say, has a bullet wound in his chest and there is not the least indication of its whereabouts. It may have settled in the thorax or have found its way down into the abdomen; only the X-rays will find it. A Dublin Fusilier was wounded at Colenso in the hand, as shown in the photograph, but so swollen had the limb become by the time he arrived at Maritzburg, it was impossible to say whether the missile was embedded in the flesh or between the bones. The doctor in charge of the hospital said there was no bullet there at all; but he was mistaken, and the result of a few minutes exposure to the X-rays is shown in an accompanying photograph.

Another man was shot in the neck and it was thought the bullet had travelled downwards into the thorax. An X-ray photograph discovered its presence in the neck, as shown in another illustration.

Still another photograph shows the entry of a Boer bullet. (The only sign usually is a little scar about the size of a threepenny-piece). The unfortunate man in this case was a West Surrey. He walked about as though he had never been to the war, but there was no mark to show that the bullet has made an exit, and the doctors being unable to extract the intruder the man was subjected to the "new light."

The enigma was soon settled; the nickle-plated lead was lying inside the hip-bone at the apex.

But it is one thing to ascertain the presence of a bullet and another to locate it precisely so that the surgeon knows exactly where and how deep to operate. The photograph may show the bullet ever so plainly, but it needs to be ascertained how far it is from the surface of the body. This is discovered by the help of a special patent together with the lines seen on the picture. The lines are made on the rest upon which the body lies and the position of the bullet is judged by a mathematical calculation. In some cases two pictures are taken on the same plate at a distance of so many centimetres, and the position of the bullet is located by the distance apart on the plate in relation to the difference in cen-

An actual scene in Maritzburg hospital. A wounded soldier under the X-rays. Mr. Allerston, who took all our other photographs, is seen manipulating the apparatus.

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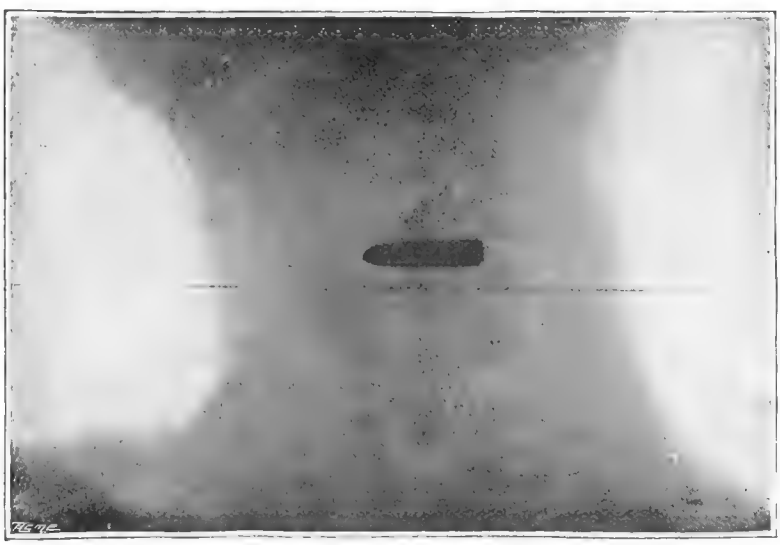
timetres. As soon as the location is settled, the matter is one for the surgeon's knife, and he is able to extract the foreign body with the fullest degree of safety and the quickest despatch.

The accompanying illustration of the arm shows a bullet to have passed the radius and the ulna, breaking the minor bone, and passing on to, and smashing, the humerus, where the bullet is found reversed. The black line across the humerus is the metal in the splint, the arm being photographed, as usual, through the wood splints. The string attached to one of the lines indicates on which side the bullet is to be found.

The entry wound of a Mauser bullet. The marks shown above the wound were made by the doctor in order to find the exact locality of the bullet. An explanation of these marks is given in the article.

In the days when Nelson and Wellington were defending England against France and Spain, the wounded fared very differently from those in the present South African war. With the fleet matters were in even a worse state than with the army, and in many ships—indeed, in most — the ship's carpenter and the ship's doctor were one and the same man. It saved such a lot of trouble. Say a man got his leg shattered by a shell; the carpenter was called, and brought with him the saw he used when manipulating on planks of wood. No anæsthetics were used. The carpenter simply sawed the leg off and there was an end of it—unless the leg bled too profusely; then the raw and lacerated limb was dipped in *a barrel of boiling tar!* No wonder the poor wretches prayed their "doctor" to let them die in peace! No wonder a large percentage of the wounded died of agony during these gentle operations!



A bullet found in a British soldier's neck.

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How I Found the Calgus Mine

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Of all the chance acquaintances I ever made in my wanderings, José Valdez was one of the most attractive, as he was certainly the most splendidly handsome.

Something must be set down to my then condition of mind, of course. At that time I was lolling luxuriously in the lap of fortune, with some of her best gifts thrust suddenly into my delighted grasp. Quite unexpectedly I had come into a large fortune, and this had swept away what seemed insuperable obstacles in the path of my love affair. From a speculative mining engineer on the pounce for gold I had become half a millionaire; and I was making my way to the coast out of that strange wild district of South America, where I had been led in search of gold and where the news reached had me.

All the world seemed golden to me, the future was without a single cloud, and every man met a pleasing fellow—José Valdez pleasantest of all.

I had overtaken him one evening as he rode on the rough bridle path, singing a Spanish drinking song as only a South American can sing. A tenor voice always did make a fool of me, and I liked the fellow from the moment his full-chested notes came echoing back on me from the crags on either side of the road.

In a few minutes we were like chums—and when we found out that we were bound for the same town, Prestajo, we joined forces.

Prestajo is one of the most lawless, wicked, and fascinating little spots on earth. Lying just at a point where three countries touch, and in a wild mountainous district, it attracts to itself a congregation of all classes of men, who like to be able to step quickly out of one legal jurisdiction into another.

Valdez was horse-buying he told me, and I neither knew nor cared whether what he said was right. I was taking Prestajo on my way coastwards, because I had heard there was really gold there, but it was the last gold hunt I meant to make and I was in that happy frame of mind that I didn't care whether I found anything or not.

"There is no gold here," he said with a laugh—when I told him what I was after—as we sat chatting over a flagon of wine, on the evening of our arrival a couple of days later.

"I don't care for that," I answered. "I only came on to have the satisfaction of finishing my plans as I had made them. We Englishmen like to carry through our plans."

"Englishmen," he echoed, and he tilted his head slightly to one side as he let his eyes rest on me with a thoughtful speculative expression. "You would never pass for an Englishman," and he shook his head and smiled. "Your looks, your dress, your accent, your manners, your tastes, everything make you a South American."

"From what part," I returned smiling—"Chili, Peru, Brazil, Bolivia, Venezuela—where? I have been five years on this continent, with the exception of one spell of a few months at home, and I can no doubt speak and look the part pretty well—but that's all. I'm English, right enough."

"I couldn't say what part you come from. I should have guessed perhaps Uruguay, certainly not England. Anyway, you have a Spanish eye for a pretty face," and he laughed and showed his teeth as he waved his cigarette toward a very pretty girl who was acting as

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waitress. "And Englishmen don't know a pretty face when they see one."

I smiled at this criticism, as I would have smiled at anything just then.

"Well, I shall have a chance soon of giving them your message," I answered lightly, "I'm off in a couple of days, and hope to be at home in Old England in a month or two."

"How are you going?"

"I shall slip over the mountains somehow or other, strike one of the rivers or get down to the coast in some way and then, as chance gives me the route, work my way along to a port to get a passage in some ship or other, either up to Lima or down to Valparaiso, and then wait for a steamer to Europe."

He listened very attentively I thought, and then after smoking a couple of minutes in silence, he said impulsively:

"I should like to go with you."

"It's a long journey to make for a whim."

But he made no answer, and for a moment seemed quite unusually serious.

After a short time, he slid out of his thoughtful fit, and soon was laughing and talking with almost feverish gaiety.

I had started home-thoughts, however, and I lolled back on the bench on which I sat, musing with delightful anticipations of the sweetness of the home going; of the changes I should find there; of the golden future that lay ahead; of the loving eyes that were straining themselves looking over the sea for my coming; of the sweet face that would light up with love when we locked hands.

Heigho!

It was a most glorious night; the long road that swept away behind us looked like a streak of grey lost in the shadow of the trees that overlapped it, while the big mountains in the near distance rose up in the blue atmosphere of night hiding the rising moon whose rays were already topping them.

My companion, noting my silence, began to chatter to a man sitting close by him, and, as I watched his wealth of gesture, the quick play of his features, the lustrous richness of his eyes, and the graceful movement of his handsomely poised head, I could not but admire him; and I fell to wondering how his picturesque figure would look woven into

I was looking straight down the muzzles of those deadly guns.

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the grey colours of my sober life in England.

Then in an instant I saw a terrible change in him.

From a type of reckless, laughing gaiety he turned to a statue of abject paralysed fear. His face was set with the lips parted, the eyes staring, and the cheeks salt white; and he crouched and shrank in overmastering terror. I had only once seen a man look like that; and the next instant he was a dying man from a cobra's bite.

The sight ended my dreams in a moment, and I jumped to my feet and looked round for the cause, as he was staring at something behind me.

What I saw staggered me too; and after a cramp in my heart muscles, I felt the blood go rushing through the valves at a rate that set it beating with lusty lurching thumps.

I was looking straight down the muzzles of three long deadly rifles from the breach end of which stern, fierce-featured men threatened me with instant death.

Five other men covered my companion in the same way.

I had been in many a tight place before and knew the value of coolness and self possession. I made a tremendous effort, therefore, to pull myself together and await developments.

I forced an expression of calmness into my face, glanced coolly into the faces of the men, sat down again and lighted another cigarette in the place of the one which had dropped from my fingers in my surprise.

A dead silence had fallen on everything and all the people in the place had drawn away from Valdez and myself, and stood together near the house door watching the scene.

In the half minute in which I had risen to my feet, Valdez had collapsed and all but fainted; and he half sat, half lay on the bench and table, and looked very much as if he would tumble in a heap on the ground.

From behind those who held us under fire, a short, dark, determined man came forward.

"Stand up," he said, in a voice with a ring of command.

Valdez made an effort to rise, and stood cowering, and swaying, and trembling, as he clutched the bench and table.

"Stand up. You too." This with a gesture to me.

I was watching out of the corner of my eye, but pretended not to see the gesture.

He repeated the command, very angrily: and I knew better than to carry my pretence too far.

"Do you mean me?" I asked, coolly, turning to him. "If so, by what right do you interfere with me?"

There was a movement of impatience among the men behind me that showed me in what peril I stood. My life hung on a thread.

"You know well our right—the right of the Fraternity of Vengeance."

I had heard enough to know what that meant. In that wild corner of the earth, this was one of the societies, formed to supplement a far too dilatory and partisan criminal system. There was but one punishment in its code—death; and its methods of investigation were as crude as they were brief.

The members were drawn from the mountainous regions of the three contiguous countries, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili; held together by oaths and ties, the betrayal of which meant death, and encouraged by the countenance of all the dwellers in the district whose interests were invariably respected and indeed protected by them.

But why should they have threatened me, I could not for the moment understand; but I was not long left in doubt.

I saw that to refuse to obey the command any longer, would mean the throwing away of my life without an effort. I got up, therefore, and said:—

"I don't in the least understand. . . ."

"Silence," interrupted the man in command. Then turning, he pointed his finger at Valdez. "Bind him."

The poor devil made no effort at resistance, almost falling nerveless and flaccid into the arms of the three men who seized him and passed cords rapidly round his arms, pinioning them to his sides, and then round his legs.

The only sound he uttered was a dismal moan of fear.

A more sudden and ghastly change I had never seen in a man.

But I had not much time to think of him, for my own situation needed all my wits.

The leader turned again to me as soon as his men had bound Valdez, and with the same gesture ordered them to bind me.

"There is some mistake here," I said earnestly. But he cut me short.

"Not here," he said, waving me to be silent. "If he resists, shoot him," he added. Then: "Bring them both to the horses."

To resist would have been sheer madness. I meant to have a plunge for my life, if it came to that; but it was better to wait.

They bound me as they had bound Valdez, and half dragged, half carried us to the place

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where they had left their horses. They threw each of us like a sack across the shoulders of a horse, and, mounting, rode off at a rapid pace in the direction of the mountains.

The torture of that ride was horrible. The horse on which I was mounted in this uncouth fashion was a long bony beast with an action like a cow.

I lay on my stomach stretched at full length, bound hand and foot; and every time the brute's clumsy action joggled me out of balance, the ruffian who was riding the horse in the proper fashion hauled me back by the thongs which bound me.

Not a word was spoken by any one of the dozen men who formed the band, nor had any one of them, save the leader, broken the silence during the few minutes the scene at the inn had lasted. And the silence was the most impressive feature of all.

We rode some five or six miles along the flat at a pace which threatened to shake the life out of me, when the horses' heads were turned, and the pace dropped to a walk as the ascent of a steep incline commenced.

What seemed like half a year, but might have been half an hour of this continued, until at last a halt was called. We were lifted off the horses, and I found that we were at the head of a long gulch, up one of the steep sides of which we had climbed laboriously and painfully.

The moon was now shining brilliantly, and the lights and shadows of the woodland scene that stretched away for miles from our feet between the mountains would, at another time, have held me spellbound with their awesome grandeur.

Now, however, I had no thought save for what the band meant to do.

This was very soon perfectly plain.

They were going to hang Valdez without a moment's loss of time, and they set about the preparations in a business-like way.

Its a very simple thing to hang a man, and these grim and silent desperadoes took manifest pleasure in the work.

They selected a tree with a branch over which the rope could be easily slung, carried the miserable victim to the spot underneath it, put a running noose round his neck, and gave half a heave at the other end to tighten it under his chin, and then two stood supporting him between them, while four more held the end of the rope ready to swing him into eternity at a sign from the leader.

All this was done in absolute silence, however, and as I lay back bruised and sore from my terrible ride, I watched the preparations with rivetted attention that lost nothing from the reflection that the same fate was possibly in store for me.

The face of the doomed man was truly horrible to look upon. He was a coward, of course, though he couldn't help that; but there seemed to be something much stronger than mere cowardice in the glazed and stony stare in his eyes, as now and then they followed the actions of some one or other of the men who were going to kill him.

I wondered what he had done and who he was to have caused this desperate, implacable, steely vengeance.

When all was ready the man in command, who had been standing by, leaning his arm on his rifle while the death scene was prepared, stepped out to the front.

"Sebastian Gomez, you know your doom," he said, in his stern, ringing tones, full of concentrated loathing and repulsion.

I started at the name. I knew it well enough also, as that of a man who some time before had perpetrated a horrible crime—the cruel murder of a beautiful girl—and had escaped justice by bribery. The terrible Vengeance Fraternity had sworn to have his life, and he was flying the country when I met him. That was the reason why he had proposed to go with me to England.

"Serve the brute right," was my thought when I found out who he was; but at that instant another thought struck me, which, as by an inspiration, let me understand the full reason for the band's treatment of myself, and showed me that my plight was in truth infinitely more perilous than I had dreamed.

I remembered that the wretch had had an accomplice in his abominable crime, and these men no doubt took me for him.

If so, they would almost certainly hang me, and refuse altogether to hear anything I might say to prove that I was not the man.

This thought filled me with such a pang of consternation that I did not hear the few stern words in which the chief of the band dismissed the wretch Gomez—or Valdez, as he called himself to me—to his doom.

An interrupted groan, a guttural, choking sound, the rasp of the rope as it was hauled over the limb of the tree, and the scuffle of the man's boots as they ground against one another in the convulsive struggles of death; and the handsome face, looking ghastly in the livid, horrifying blueness of suffocation, was grinning down at us, with tongue and eyes protruding, as the head hung limp and nerveless from the bough above.

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The end of the rope was made fast to the trunk of the tree, and, after a minute, when the limbs had ceased to move convulsively, four or five of the band, as if carried away by a frenzy of feeling, levelled their rifles and fired bullets into the body as it swung heavily to and fro in the moonlight.

Before the sound of the firing had ceased to echo among the woods and hills, the band had formed a semi-circle round me, with the rock as a background.

Two of them helped me to my feet, and at a sign from the leader cut the withes round my ankles.

"Andreas Corriji, you know your crime. Do you confess to having helped that vile wretch?" And he glanced up at the swinging corpse.

"Do you mean that my name is Andreas Corriji?" I asked, looking straight into his hard face.

He answered with a wave of the hand, as though to put aside such a question as that.

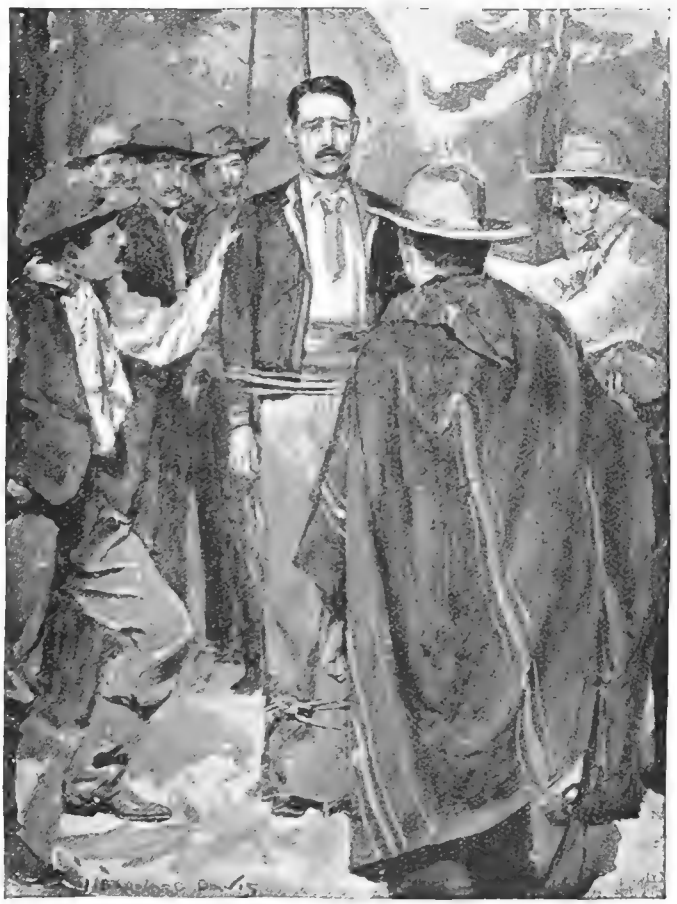
"Then you're a liar, and an old fool to boot, and if my hands were free I'd choke the lie in your throat."

The insult stung him, as I meant it to; and his hands closed on the lock of his rifle, which he half lifted, as if to shoot me down there and then. I wanted to provoke him to make a personal affair of it, and to give me a fight for my life. But he swallowed his wrath, though his voice told of it when he spoke next.

"What is your story, then?"

"I have no story but the truth," I answered, in the same resolute voice. "I am an Englishman, John Martin, a mining engineer, prospecting for gold."

"You were with this carrion. That is not mining for gold. You are too well known for that tale to pass." He took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it and read it by the moonlight.



"Sebastian Gomez! you know your doom," he said in his stern ringing tones.

"I saw that man for the first time in my life three days ago," I said. But he took no notice of me. The paper was evidently a description of some person, and as he read it he glanced at me and checked off each point of apparent identification.

Then he called up one of the other men, and the two together went over the description item by item in the same way.

"Balqua," called the leader, and a third man stepped forward from the semi-circle. "Do you recognise this man?"

"He is Andreas Corriji. I know him well. I last saw him on the 13th of last month in company with Gomez. Within a hundred yards of Caramito." This was the place and date of Gomez's crime.

"The identification is complete," said the leader. "More than enough for us. You will die."

"You can murder me if you like," I said

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"Then you're a liar, and if my hands were free I'd choke the lie in your throat."

desperately. "Who that little fat lying scoundrel is, and what his motive is for telling that lie about me, I don't know. He never saw me in his life before. I tell you I am an Englishman, and now a very rich man; and every one of you murderers and cowards will have to answer for my death."

"You are no Englishman," said the leader. "You are Spanish. Your tongue betrays you." Then one of the band whispered something to him. "To be sure. You are an Englishman, are you? Well, we can soon test that. There is one here who speaks like a native."

It seemed as if light and shadow, laughter and death, farce and tragedy were to be inextricably mixed in my fate just then. A squab, short, muscular, bow-legged fellow came forward, half shamefaced and all unwilling, it seemed to me, and only in obedience to the bidding of the leader, and insistance of the rest of the band, to question me in English.

Yet he himself did not understand more than the merest smattering.

He spoke to me in a mixture of French, English, and German, pronounced with an indescribable accent. I could not understand him nor he me, though I spoke slowly and distinctly and with the clearest accent.

"He's no Englishman," said the man, after a moment's experiment, glad to get back to the ranks.

And that farce was my death-warrant; for at the little man's decision, a murmur ran round the group that I understood. It meant that they believed I had tried to fool them, and that there was no doubt of my guilt.

The leader turned towards the rest.

"How say you?" he called.

"Death. He is Andreas Corriji."

I have never been unnerved by peril; and now, the knowledge that death had all but got hold of me, only made me all the clearer-witted.

"Stay," I cried in a loud voice, which I crammed all the command and authoritative will in my power. "Stay. This must not be—for your own sakes. You must not murder me. On the 13th of last month when that carrion committed that deed, I was at Valjucas——"

"That is close to Caramito," interjected the leader.

"You must test my statements. Every step of my progress for the last six months can be traced. I left Trinidad six months ago. I spent three months on and round Lake Titicaca, gold hunting. I was at La Paz for three weeks——"

"It is useless," interrupted the leader again. "On our heads will be the responsibility. We know you for whom and what you are; and you will die. You can have ten minutes for your shrift—more than you allowed your victim."

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"What will satisfy you that I am not the villain you deem me?" I asked.

"We are satisfied that you are," was the stern, uncompromising, hopeless reply.

"Satisfied," I echoed, with a bitter laugh. "Why you have not given me a single chance to prove the truth. Name any test or ordeal you please and I will submit to it. Down in Prestajo there are a dozen things to prove me what I say. Let two of you ride down and bring up my saddle bag and you will see."

"We have seen, and are satisfied. Silence;" was the reply.

"Good God! you can't want to murder me in cold blood. Here, on me now, if you search me as I will tell you, you will find the proof of what I say."

"We have searched you."

"Yes, yes; but not the secret pockets. Here in the pockets made in the sleeves of my hunting jacket, you will find proof that I am an Englishman. At least, you will take the trouble to satisfy yourselves so far.

"One other last word I have to say," I added coolly. "Search the pockets I tell you, and, if you are not then satisfied, let me, at least, write a last word to one at home. In England, my bride is waiting for me. Only a week ago I wrote to her, telling her I was on my way home, and that we should soon clasp hands again. If you are determined to kill an innocent man in this way, at least, let me write to her what is happening and that we are never to meet again. She is poor, too, and with a stroke of the pen I can make her rich."

The man waited full two minutes in silence, leaning on his rifle. Then he gave orders for my arms to be unpinioned, and my hunting jacket to be taken off, while six of the men covered me with their rifles.

The freed blood ran tingling through the veins in my arms and the pain was intense. I could not move them.

They found some papers in the secret pockets as I had said; but they could not read them and would not believe they were written in English.

"So be it," I cried, at length, in despair. "I can do no more. If you will promise to have the letters I write sent away, I will give my word not to escape."

I found a small scrap of paper and scribbled a last line to the girl I was to have married. It was better for her to know the truth than to drag out her life in a weary uncertainty.

Then I wrote a short will, leaving everything I possessed to her, and called on the leader to sign it.

"If you sign that," I said grimly, after I had told him what it was, "it will lead to your detection and punishment as my murderer. If you refuse to sign it, you will be depriving this innocent girl of her right, and will have proved yourself a mean, dastardly coward. Take your choice."

"It is only waste paper. I will sign it," he said, bluntly. "And now we have wasted more than enough time."

"I am ready."

The men closed round me, and a couple of minutes later I was standing as I had seen my companion stand, under the bough of the tree with the noose round my neck, and the other end of the rope held ready for hoisting me.

I am thankful to say I was as steady as a rock.

I put my whole soul into a short prayer for myself, and into an equally fervent hope that the devils who were murdering me would be punished; and lastly, I resolutely shut out all other thoughts except of the girl who was to have been my bride.

Then I stood bracing my nerves to die just at the moment when life seemed brightest.

"If you sign that it will lead to your detection."

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Instead of the command to hang me, however, something happened which made all the men start.

The sound of three shots came up the gulch; first one, and then two lesser ones in quick succession. After a minute's interval, the three shots were repeated in exactly the same order.

"What can that mean?" asked the leader, as he raised his gun and fired one barrel and then drew his revolver and followed it with two quickly succeeding shots.

Whatever it might mean eventually, the first effect was to cause a delay.

The noose was unshipped from my neck, and we all stood and waited for what was to follow.

Curiously enough, the interruption irritated me. I didn't want to go on screwing my courage up to the sticking place to die pluckily. Once was enough.

But I wasn't to die at all.

It seemed that some time after I had been carried off, a man to whom I had spoken about my gold quest, came after me to Prestajo with news of great importance. He had asked for me by name, which of course I had given at the inn; and when he had heard the yarn about my arrest he had explained the mistake, and that I was perfectly well known to be an English mining engineer; adding, if anything happened to me there would be very serious consequences.

He and two or three others had then set out after us, and arriving at the mouth of the gulch, had fired the guns, an agreed signal, and had thus in the nick of time been able to save me.

Nothing could exceed the man's indignation at the blunder which the band had made, and he overwhelmed them with a torrent of voluble curses and reproaches, delivered with that irresistible impetuosity of garrulous vehemence which marks the excited Bolivian. In this way he fairly drove them off the plateau with his satire and ridicule, and so turned the proceedings once more from tragedy to farce.

But, before leaving, the man who had acted as leader stepped up to me with the fine diguity which characterises all of the Spanish race.

"It was a mistake, señor, and the mistake was ours."

I agreed with him.

"But the resemblance is extraordinary"—and the man read out something about black hair and dark eyes.

I suggested that he might still find not a few men answering to this description.

"Truly," he replied, and pulled his moustache thoughtfully. "But I trust señor will forgive the inconvenience we have inadvertantly caused him?"

But I was in no mood to forgive, and turned my back on him without another word.

When we were almost alone, my rescuer drew me aside, and said with a grim smile:

"Do you know you have found the gold?"

"What d'ye mean?" I asked, looking at him in perplexity.

"Do you know you have found the gold?" he said.

"This is the very spot I told you about. I have learnt all about it since I saw you. If I'd been half-an-hour later your body would have been dangling over what, if I've heard right, is just about the centre of the find."

"What?" I cried in astonishment. "By Heavens! I've found gold before; but this sort of prospecting isn't at all to my stomach."

He was right.

I had been within an ace of being hanged right over the very spot I'd been in search of. That's why to this day it's called the Gallows Mine; and why I never think of it without a shudder.

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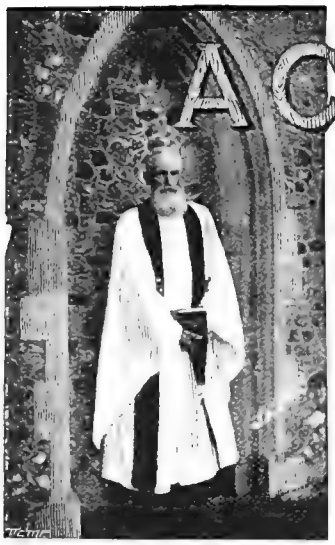


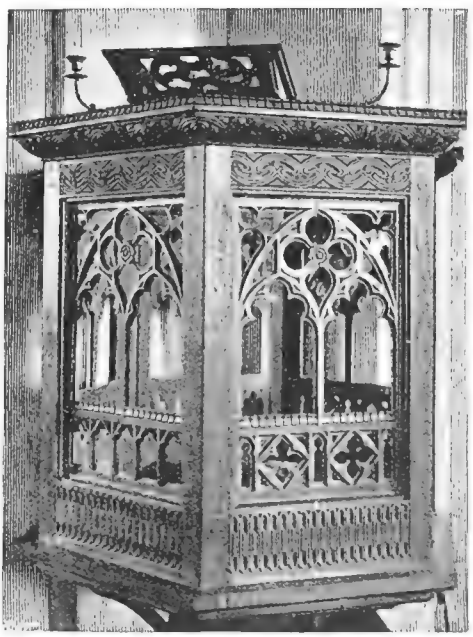
The Rev. John Escreet, who has done all the wood-carving for his parish church.

A Clerical Artist in Wood

By Francis Arthur Jones.

Photos by F. Wilson.

Probably very few readers of The Royal Magazine are acquainted with the picturesque village of Hempstead, in the North of Essex, for it lies far from the track of the holiday-seeker, and is many miles distant from the nearest railway station. And yet the interest attached to this small agricultural hamlet is three-fold. For upwards of two hundred years it has been famous as the burial place of the great Dr. William Harvey, whose name is known and honoured in every civilised country of the world, and whose discovery of the proper circulation of the blood may be said to have revolutionised the surgical world. Again, Hempstead was the birthplace, nearly two centuries ago, of the notorious highwayman and hero of romantic boyhood—Dick Turpin, whose baptismal register may be seen among the old records of the parish church. And lastly Hempstead will always be noted for possessing the church which contains pulpit, lectern, and reading-desk, the entire work of the curate in charge, the Rev. John Escreet. It will be remembered, that some short time since many of the London and provincial papers commented upon this unique fact, and thinking readers of *The Royal* would like to hear a little more about a cleric who had shown so much practical love for his church, the present writer asked Mr. Escreet to supply him with a few facts and permit the more important pieces of his carving to be photographed for the purpose of reproduction. After some demur, for Mr. Escreet is a modest man, and thinks less of his work than does anyone else, he consented, and, while Mr. Frost Wilson took the photos, chatted about what he is pleased to call his "hobby."



Here is the beautifully decorated pulpit of Mr. Escreet.

Mr. Escreet has been curate of Hempstead for the last twenty-two years, and the church was brought into some notoriety by the fall of its tower on January 28th 1882. This tower, which was situated upon an eminence near the centre of the parish, was one of the most prominent in the district. It was a great landmark, and, indeed, a principal station of the late Ordnance Survey, and its fall, which entirely destroyed the whole of the west end of the church, was regretted for many miles round. The farm-labourers and village folk generally felt that in the hoary structure they had lost a friend, and among the more superstitious the fall of the old tower was thought

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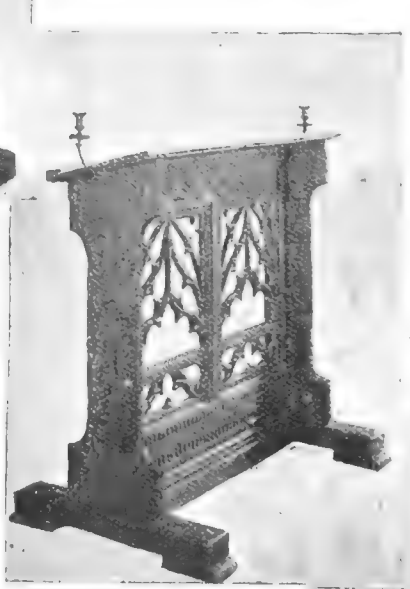
to portend some dire misfortune which, however, did not come to pass.

It was supposed by some that, as the remains of the famous Dr. Harvey rested there, funds for the restoration of the church would flow in from the medical faculty without any special effort on the part of those more closely connected with the parish; but, notwithstanding the great kindness of the College of Physicians, it was a very up-hill process, and when the restoration actually began there were some £300 short of the money required for the rebuilding of the nave and aisles alone. Not one penny was subscribed towards the re-erection of the tower, and down to the present time, nearly eighteen years after its fall, there seems but scant hopes that Hempstead Tower will very speedily rear its head once more above the scene of its fall.

The lectern.



The reading-desk

"Necessity" said Mr. Escreet, "is the reputed mother of invention, and lack of funds stimulated me to make for the church a new pulpit, reading desk, and lectern. Amongst the pews, in the old church, there were a few fragments of oak-carving, but these were so decayed that they could not be preserved and so, that they might not be entirely lost, I determined to copy them upon a new pulpit and arranged them in my plans, two around the top and one around the bottom of the frame-work. For each side of the pulpit, I designed one pierced panel, representing a two-light window in the perpendicular style of architecture. The panels in the reading-desk, which should have matched those of the pulpit, were, through ignorance, and also for variety's sake, pierced in the flamboyant style; but the same three carvings from the old wood-work stretch across the top and bottom of the desk, as seen around the top and bottom of the pulpit."

The reading desk and pulpit were made in the summer of 1886. Mr. Escreet is a quick worker and always "makes up his own carvings," being an excellent carpenter and joiner. The structure stands 6ft. 6in. in height—3ft. 3in. in pedestal, and 3ft. 3in. in pulpit—and compares well with some of the best work to be found in our largest and handsomest churches. It is hexagonal in shape, and its internal measurements vary from 2ft. 11in. to 3ft. 3in. The lectern was made in 1887, and took about three months to complete. Mr Escreet says this piece of work was quite an afterthought and done at the casual suggestion of one of the congregation who wished for it, and so gave the curate a guinea to purchase the oak with which to make it. The style is totally different from that of the pulpit and reading-desk, being less massive, more graceful and artistic, and after an original design. The pulpit and desk bear the date 1886, and the lectern 1887, carved upon the bases.

A chair in the vestry.

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Not the least pleasing fact about Mr. Escreet's work is that both the pulpit and desk are made out of oak grown almost within the shadow of the church.

"Whilst I was getting out and developing my plans for the pulpit and desk," continued the energetic curate, "I looked around me for some suitable material, and thinking it would be well, if possible, to make the pulpit of wood grown in the parish, I discovered that an oak tree, which would just about suffice for the work, had been cut down some ten or twelve years, and still lay on one of the farms where it had been felled. I approached the owner and explained to him regarding the work I was undertaking and delicately suggested that the fallen giant was the very thing for my purpose. He gladly gave me the tree, and the local carpenter and his man cut the timber, free of cost, into suitable planks, which they placed about upon the vicarage lawn. Here they remained for some weeks, though every few days I used to turn them over that they might get well baked in the sun and finely seasoned. They turned out excellent pieces of wood, hard and sound.

This carved porch is also the work of Mr. Escreet.

With regard to originality of design Mr. Escreet does not despise the copying of an attractive style. His one idea, for instance, when carving the pulpit, was, as already mentioned, to embody and preserve the three carvings which run round the top and bottom and were previously in the ruined church itself. For the pattern of the pulpit in its entirety he visited six or seven churches and picked up a little here and there, the result being, if not exactly confined to one particular period, decidedly attractive and novel.

Having made the pulpit, lectern, and reading desk, Mr. Escreet might reasonably have been expected to rest from his labours as carver and carpenter, but no—there was still lacking a very important item towards the church's restoration, and the curate decided to complete the work he had begun.

"When the church was re-opened for Divine service," said this indefatigable cleric, "there was no porch! To continue our services without one, with the winter approaching us, was hardly to be thought of, for the west and south-west winds blew cold and cutting upon the south entrance, and was a source of considerable discomfort and even danger to the congregation. I therefore ordered a quantity of pitch-pine, and again fell to work. In many ways it was a long and tedious job, but its real necessity encouraged and stimulated me to get it finished as speedily as possible, and after a few weeks continual work the porch was a thing accomplished. To some considerable extent I imitated the original porch. The whole of the carving is, indeed, the same with this one exception, that, whereas two coats of arms ornamented the two chief brackets of the old porch, I added upon the brackets of the new porch, the coat-of-arms of the Patron of the living, that of the vicar, of the churchwardens of the parish for the time, being, and of the Harvey family."

Mr. Escreet has also carved for Hempstead Church a sanctuary chair and an alms-dish, as well as the fine, massive chest shown in our last illustration.

He is entirely self-taught in regard to wood-carving, and has been pursuing his hobby for the last twenty-five years. With reference to his first important piece of work he said:

"About the year 1875, wishing to make a present to a neighbouring church, I planned an altar-rail upon six standards, and carved double brackets for each standard. I believe this was my first attempt at this kind of work. At the same time I designed and carved a hall table. My next work was nearly ten years later—to be exact, in 1884. When this house (Hempstead Vicarage) was being built I made and carved a couple of mirror frames, one for each of the front rooms,

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where they have hung ever since. About this time, too, I took up fret-work in my spare moments, and completed several pieces in this style of carving."

Mr. Escreet's great desire is to see the tower of Hempstead Church once more in its right place. If a carved wooden one was suitable he would doubtless set to work and produce it within a year, but, then, wooden towers won't stand our climate. He is not, I think, quite despairing of seeing his own energy and hard work acknowledged in a manner which would enable him to give the necessary orders for the commencing of the work, for, some short while since, he received from an anonymous correspondent the offer of £100 towards the re-building of the tower, on condition that he obtained sufficient money, in cash or promise (which should not be less than £1200), as would encourage him to begin the work before the end of the year. Admirers of Dr. William Harvey, as well as devotees of the famous Richard Turpin, will, perhaps, see that Mr. Escreet is not disappointed.

In the interests of all amateur carvers (in wood, of course), I did not leave the curate of Hempstead without asking his opinion of carving as a hobby, and his advice to those who indulge in it.

"This," he said, "is a difficult point. Planning and carving are very interesting, and, when fairly entered upon, so attractive, that they call for much self-denial to leave off; hence they are rather a dangerous hobby. My own experience tells me that to execute anything worth preserving in carving, the amateur should first learn something about cabinet-making, as it is a very difficult thing to find joiners who will carefully make up another person's carved work. One can readily understand this. It is very similar to buying your cloth at one shop and sending it to another to be made into a coat. It rarely turns out satisfactorily. If you are capable of putting together your own carvings, a man can scarcely have a less expensive hobby, for wood is cheap. Few tools are required, and the man who surrounds himself with innumerable knives, and purchases 'sets' of carving implements, will, as likely as not, do no great amount of good work. The tools are not expensive, but should be of the very best quality. It is a waste of time to buy second-grade articles. Go to a good firm and choose the kind most suitable to the wood on which you intend to operate. Buy the implements as you require them, and always keep them thoroughly sharp and keen; have a good oil-stone and an old razor strop—two articles which are indispensable. Of course, some kind of bench is necessary, but if you have taken the precaution previously to obtain a few lessons in carpentering, you will be able to make this yourself out of a stout piece of coarse oak. In conclusion, I would impress upon all amateur carvers to 'set' their tools in readiness for the morrow's work. Nothing disheartens one more than to commence a piece of work with blunted instruments, and this can be avoided only by making it an invariable rule never to put away one's tools without first putting them in a state of perfect readiness for their next task."

An artistically carved study-table, chest, and table at the vicarage.

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A MISTRESS OF DIPLOMACY.

By John W. Mayall.

The Reverend James Martin, Curate of St John's, Little Orriford, sat by the open window, lingering over his second cup of tea, and thoughtfully contemplating the charming stretch of country that lay before him. He was a pallid-faced young man, with a spare, somewhat stooping figure, mild blue eyes, and irresolute lips. For two years now he had laboured in this little country parish, laboured hard and earnestly, and in that time he had gained for himself a very secure place in the hearts of the poorer members of the community.

With the better class he had not been so successful. Little Orriford possessed its small social coterie, which included a dozen or so of pretty girls whose thoughts were centred chiefly on tennis, new frocks, and musical evenings, and these frivolous maidens had extended a ready welcome to the curate upon his arrival. Invitations to their numerous gatherings had been showered upon him in abundance, and though he had put in an appearance at most of them, it had been rather from a sense of duty than of inclination.

The fact was he was ill-fitted to shine at such festivities. He was in no sense a society man, and he never had been. Not that he had a dislike to the opposite sex, far from it, but he was afflicted with an unfortunate nervousness, which effectually prevented him from enjoying that intercourse with a pretty girl which should be one of the delights of a young man's life. For many years the unhappy curate had lamented this distressing malady, but of late he had anathematised it with peculiar bitterness. This was scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that he was in love, and that consequently his bashfulness proved a very awkward stumbling-block.

The lady who had captivated him was Miss Mary Sebright, the Vicar's only daughter, and it may at once be said that the curate's choice did him credit. Miss Sebright was a charming girl, quite the beauty of the district, and renowned for her amiable disposition and kindly ways. Unhappily, she also suffered from that affliction to which her admirer was a martyr. With the opposite sex, and especially with the curate—whose affections she was quite ready to return—she was nervous and constrained. Thus the two were in an awkward plight, and unless some happy accident occurred, their chance of arriving at an understanding was extremely remote.

So matters stood between them on this lovely June evening, and as the curate sat at his window he recalled the brief and unimportant conversation he had held with his enslaver that afternoon. It is the habit of the man in love to cherish trivial words and to spend his time trying to extract honey from them. The curate loved his Vicar's daughter in an ardent, honest fashion that was very commendable, but his love brought him as much pain as pleasure, for he perceived that it never promised to come to a successful termination. He was miserably weak and self-conscious. He longed to speak, but had not the courage. He had never even hinted at his passion, and not in his wildest dreams did he imagine that she would return it. No; he had already come to the conclusion that it must remain a secret that would go down with him to the grave.

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At this point his gloomy reflections were interrupted by a sharp knock, and, in response to his hasty "come in," the stout, ruddy-faced woman who attended to his wants, generally at her own convenience, entered to say that Jim Moore wished to see him.

"Jim Moore," the curate repeated—"show him in Mrs. Toft. And you can remove the tray. I have finished."

"I think you've lost your appetite at present, sir," the landlady remarked, noting the half-emptied plate of bread and butter.

"N-o, no, but one doesn't feel inclined for eating this warm weather. I've enjoyed my cup of tea. I don't know anyone who makes better tea than you, Mrs. Toft."

"It's a knack, sir," the landlady returned modestly. "Just a knack it is."

She picked up the tray as she spoke, and departed to inform the visitor that an audience would be granted him. After a short interval there was another knock, and the doorway was filled by a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced, young man, of the working class, who stood awkwardly on the threshold, fumbling his cap and looking extremely sheepish.

"Come in, Moore, come in!" the curate cried encouragingly. "Beautiful evening isn't it? How does your father keep?"

The two were in an awkward plight.

"Well sir, he be a bit plagued wi' the rheumatics again."

"Ah, I'm sorry. I'll call and see him to-morrow. Take a seat."

The young man lowered himself carefully upon one of the stiff-backed horse-hair covered chairs, sitting gingerly upon the extreme edge, as though dubious of the bearing capabilities of the piece of furniture.

"You wished to see me about something I think?" the curate hinted at last, seeing that his visitor required a helping hand.

"Yes, sir."

"It is something you want me to do?" the Reverend James continued.

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"I shall be very pleased," the curate said, and then he looked inquiringly at his visitor's ruddy face. The young fellow was well known to him. He was the village carpenter, and a regular attendant at church and Sunday school.

"It's — it's about Mary, sir, the housemaid up at the Rectory," he blurted out at length.

A ray of enlightenment flashed in the Reverend James's blue eyes.

"Ah, you have come about the banns. You wish—"

"No, no, sir," the young man cried, betraying the utmost trepidation. "You see I haven't asked her yet. It's that I've come about."

Then the curate half started.

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"You—you wish me to—to—"

He stared rather blankly. He knew Mary the housemaid. She was a smart, self-possessed girl of the bouncing type, and he stood somewhat in awe of her.

"If you'd be so good, sir. It's a letter I want you to send."

"Ah, a letter," and he looked relieved. "You want me to write it for you?"

"If you'd be so kind, sir. I've cut my finger"—displaying a bandaged hand—"an' I can't do it myself."

"I see. Well, I shall be very pleased. Mary is an extremely nice girl, and I think you've made a very sensible choice."

"Well, I think I have myself, sir," the swain replied slowly. "I don't see how I could ha' done much better. She's saved a goodish bit. She's money in the Post Office."

A pained expression came over the Reverend James's mild face as he listened to these worldly sentiments.

"You shouldn't allow wealth to influence you, you know, Moore," he said in mild reproof.

"Oh, I don't, sir, only it's better to marry one wi' a bit o' money than one wi'out."

The curate accepted this piece of practical philosophy in silence, and took out his writing materials.

"Now what would you like me to say?" he asked as he dipped his pen.

The young carpenter scratched his head, sighed, shifted his position, and sought inspiration in the ceiling.

"Lemme see," he murmured, reflectively. "I'd got it all ready, but I'm blest—I mean it's gone clean out o' my head. That's the worst o' me—I can't remember nuthin'."

"You desire to ask her to become your wife?" the curate suggested.

"Yes, sir, that's it."

"Well, but wouldn't it be better to speak to her in person?"

"It would, sir, I know, but you see I ain't much of a talker—an'—an' well, I'm alis tongue-tied when it comes to the point."

The curate nodded in perfect understanding. He could sympathise with his visitor in this matter. He also was "tongue-tied."

"In that case, then, perhaps a letter would be better," he said, and as he spoke, a pensive look entered his eyes. He was thinking of the many letters he had written to Miss Sebright offering her his heart—letters which had never been despatched.

"You think you could do it for me, sir?" the young man said.

"Think? Oh, yes—yes! You want me to say that you have admired her for a lengthy period, eh?"

"That's it, sir."

"And that you would be proud if she would accept your affections."

"Just the ticket, sir. Make it strong. I'm very much in love."

"I'm not surprised," the curate said pleasantly. "She's a fine girl."

"There's only one finer, sir."

"And who is that?"

"Miss Sebright, sir."

"Ah," — and his pale cheeks instantly flushed; then, recovering himself, he took a fresh dip of ink.

"You'll want an answer, eh?"

"Yes, sir, an' be very particular to begin 'Dear Miss Mary,' if you please—*Miss* Mary. She's very genteel, you see, havin' lived wi' gentlefolk, an' please don't put any address on, an' just sign it J.M. She'll know who it's from."

Thus instructed the curate set to work. He was at no loss for words, for he had composed many such letters, all of which he had burnt. He quite lost sight of the fact, however, that the letter he was writing was for a working-man, and the consequence was the epistle he indited would easily have answered his own purpose.

Having concluded it, he then read it over.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's just beautiful, sir."

"You're sure she'll understand it's from you?"

"Oh, yes! You see I shall give it to her mysel', an' say I've got you to write it."

"Well, I wish you luck, Moore."

"Thank you, sir; I wish you the same when you go a-courtin'."

He placed the letter in his breast pocket as he spoke and took his departure.

Following the road past the church, he turned down a quiet lane that ran behind the Rectory, and here he loitered expectantly, his eyes fixed on the small door in the wall.

He had not long to wait. In a few minutes this door opened, and there fluttered forth a vision, that at first sight seemed to be nothing but dainty muslin and pink ribbon, but which was, nevertheless, a very pretty, saucy-faced girl.

"Oh! so here you are, are you?" she exclaimed sharply, as the waiting one came forward.

"I've been here this five minutes," the carpenter replied, his eyes dwelling on the girl's rosy face in slavish admiration.

"Have you? Well, it does folk good

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to wait. But have you done what I told you?"

He nodded.

"You got the letter?" she asked, half breathlessly.

"Yes, I've got it."

"Come, you've somethin' in you after all, I do believe," she said in a tone of condescension. "Give it me," and she held out a plump hand.

Slowly the carpenter drew it from his pocket.

"But ain't I to have nothin' for it?" he said, eyeing her cherry lips as longingly as a boy eyes the ripe apples in an orchard.

"Yes, certainly;" and as he approached her in eager anticipation, one hand descended smartly on his cheek, while the other snatched the letter from his fingers.

"There, impudence!"

The carpenter, however, was not to be defied. As she was retreating in triumph, he quickly caught her wrist, and, after a short struggle, took what he wanted.

"There," he said after he released her. "I'm paid now."

She eyed him in affected anger.

"You have got cheek," she said, her chin elevated. "Do you think I come out to be pulled about till I'm not fit to be seen?"

"You're alis fit to be seen," he answered rapturously.

She merely answered him with a flash of her bright eyes, and, leaning gracefully against the door post, opened the letter and began to read.

It ran as follows:

My dear Miss Mary,

It is in fear and trembling that I take up my pen to address you, and I know that you will understand my feelings when you have read this letter. What I have to say is of the greatest importance, and upon your answer rests my future happiness. I have often tried to speak to you on this matter, but at the eleventh hour my courage has always failed me. As you know, I am not good at expressing my feelings in words, and so I think it better to do so with the pen.

I have long admired you—as indeed everyone who is brought into contact with you must do—and now I write, my dear Miss Mary, to tell you that I love you—yes, that I love you—and that I most sincerely desire you to become my wife. You will, no doubt, consider this a bold declaration, but having made it I stand by it, and I implore you, in spite of my unworthiness, to consider it as favourably as you can.

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

Believe me,

Your devoted admirer,

J. M.

"Well, will it do?" he said as she looked up.

"Splendidly!" she cried, her eyes sparkling.

"An' now you'll give it to Miss Mary an' say it's from him, eh?"

"Yes."

"You're a clever one," the swain said admiringly. "I say, it'll astonish her, won't it?"

"I daresay; and it'll please her too."

"She'll say yes, eh?"

"Oh, she'll say yes. She'd have said it long ago if he'd asked her. The stupid!"

"Mary you're a caution. You *have* a brain!"

The stout, ruddy-faced woman who attended to his wants entered.

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Well, I didn't do it all myself," she answered slowly. "It was in a tale I was readin' the other day; there was a letter went wrong like this, an' brought everythin' right, an' so it struck me that it might be done in real life. You see, your initials is the same as his, an' my name's Mary, same as hers, so it made it easy."

"Ay, ay."

"Then I couldn't stand by much longer an' see her cryin' her heart out, because he was so dumb. If you'd been so glum an' tongue-tied I'd have sent you about yourbusiness long ago."

The carpenter laughed softly.

"That's the best bit of all," he said. "He thinks I'm bashful—he, he! I told him I couldn't say a word when I was wi' you."

Mary smiled.

"An' that letter," her lover went on. "I couldn't compoge a letter like that. It's real fine, ain't it?"

"It'll just suit Miss Mary, but I think he might have made it a bit more lovin'. Girls like their letters sweet enough."

"Is mine sweet enough?" the swain asked with a leer.

"You got the letter?" she asked half breathlessly.

"Yours!"

"But I forgot. I can't write 'em because my finger's cut—ha, ha!" and he tore off the bandage, and disclosed that member perfectly sound.

"You'd better wrap that up again, or else he'll find out," the girl said sharply. "An' now you can go. I've no more time to waste."

"Well, but,"—and he edged nearer. There was another little struggle, and then the flushed damsel scurried in.

* * *

"A letter for you, sir," said Mrs. Toft, entering the sitting room as the curate sat at his tea. "It's from Miss Sebright, too," she added, with that familiarity which strong-minded women adopt towards weak-minded men.

This information was quite enough to set the Reverend James's heart beating at an accelerated pace, and he took the letter with trembling fingers. He always started and trembled in this fashion when he received a communication from the Vicar's daughter. Yet there was not the slightest

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reason why he should, seeing that the notes he received from her invariably referred to parish matters. He soon perceived, however, that this was something more than a note, and he began to read it with that eagerness which always characterised him when he was favoured with a missive from her.

Before he had read a couple of lines, however, this eagerness changed to astonishment. He stared at the paper with eyes that grew round with amazement, his breath came quick, the moisture rose on his brow, his cheeks went white, and his hands shook. What was this? Surely he was dreaming! He read the words again and again. Very slowly his bewildered brain took in the situation. The truth became manifest to him. By some chance the letter he had written for Jim Moore had fallen into Miss Sebright's hands, and she, imagining that it had come from himself, had answered it, and answered it in the affirmative!

Yes, she returned his affection. She loved him. He sank into a chair, completely overpowered by the great joy that now flooded his heart. It seemed quite beyond belief. And yet there were the words, black as ink could make them, there was her name, perfectly plain and distinct, Mary Sebright.

So utterly dumbfounded was he at the extraordinary event, that a knock passed unheeded, and it was only when Mrs. Toft entered and announced a visitor that he looked up. It was the stout, well-fed figure of the Rector that he saw in the doorway, and he now came forward, his pleasant rosy face wreathed in smiles.

"My dear Martin, I give you joy!" he cried heartily. "Mary has told me all, and I am delighted."

"You—you give your consent?" the curate stammered.

"With pleasure—with pleasure! But I must say I don't think much of your way of doing these things. You should make use of your tongue, my boy; we never used the pen to woo a girl in my day."

The happy curate flushed uncomfortably.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "you know—you see—I——"

The Rector's eyes twinkled.

"Yes, my dear Martin," he said, "you thought you would be able to express yourself better on paper—eh?"

The curate was a very conscientious young man, painfully so, indeed, and debated with himself rapidly whether he would be justified in letting his future father-in-law remain under the delusion that the letter had, in reality, been meant for his daughter. For once in his life his sinful inclinations got the better of his conscience, and he replied, very easily, it must be confessed, for a novice in the gentle art of deception:

"You're right, sir; talking was never my strong point."

"Well! well!" returned the Rector, "you'd better go up now and see her. You'll find her in the garden. I'm just on my way to see old Mother Carr."

The curate at once rose and put on his hat. A few yards from the cottage he met the carpenter. It was very evident that the meeting was not of Jim's seeking, for his manner immediately became confused, and he looked hastily round as if for an avenue of escape. The curate, however, recognising in him one to whom he owed much, hastened forward.

"Ah, Moore, I wanted to see you," he said. "I—I fancy there's been a little mistake about that letter I wrote. It—it seems to have gone wrong."

"I'm very sorry, sir," the young carpenter murmured. "I gave it Mary, right enough, but she didn't understand me properly, an' she thought it was for Miss Sebright. I hope there ain't no harm done, sir."

"Oh, no, quite the contrary; indeed, I may as well say that Miss Sebright and myself are engaged."

"Sir, that's the best news I've heard for many a day. Good luck to you both!"

"Thank you, Moore. But about your own affair: I'm afraid——"

"Oh! that's all right, sir. I settled that. There weren't no letter needed, after all. She said yes, pat off."

"Ah! I'm very glad. You must let me marry you, you know, Moore."

"I shan't let no one else, sir, you may depend upon it."

* * * * *

"Well," said the carpenter, as he met his sweetheart in the lane that evening. "It's all worked out right, eh?"

"Of course it has. Doesn't everything work out right I take up?"

"It does. You're a clever one, Mary. Dy'e think he'll tell her it was a mistake?"

"He will, if he's a fool."

"Well I shouldn't if I was him. Might as well let her believe he *did* write it to her really."

And of this trivial deception the curate of Little Orriford must be admitted guilty.

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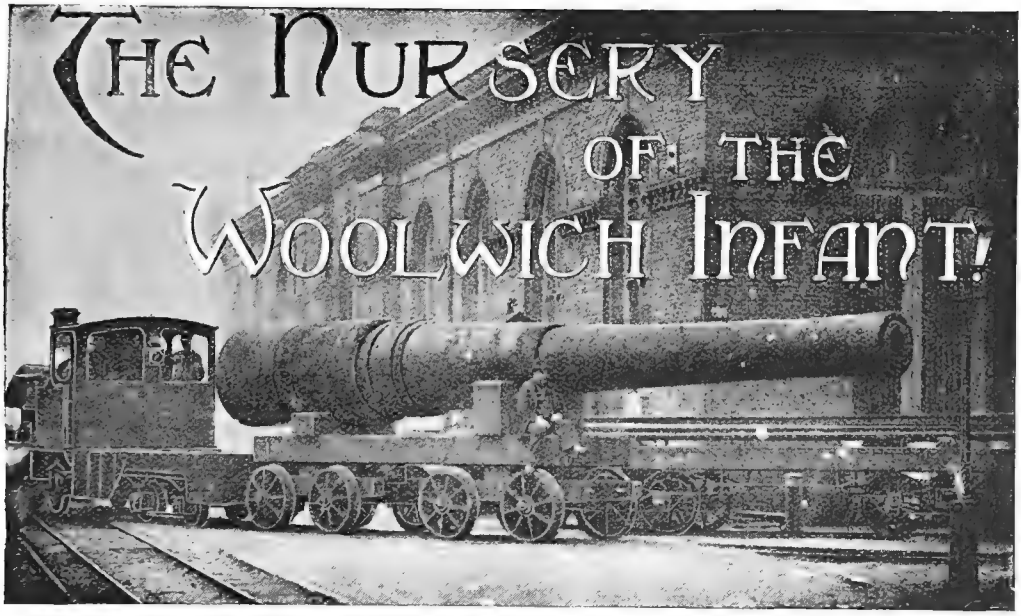
The Nursery of the Woolwich Infant



By Charles Ray.

Illustrated with Photographs by Gregory, Strand.

(This is the most complete illustrated article on our great National Arsenal that has yet been published in any popular magazine.)

The Duke of Wellington is said to have made the remark that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton. The remark was probably apocryphal, but it doubtless embodies much truth. In fact, one might almost declare that the splendid material of which the British Army and Navy are composed is prepared and made serviceable in the nursery. The foreigner has good cause to fear the nursery in general, and particularly must he shun that nursery in which the "Woolwich Infant" is reared and trained. For the Woolwich Infant and its brothers are splendid fighters. One infant, if placed in advantageous circumstances, can by its own unaided efforts, child though it be, demoralise a whole body of the enemy. It is an athlete, for it can "put the shot" in such a manner and with such vigour as to form a breach in even an armour-plated war-ship. In fact, the "Woolwich Infant" and its brothers are prodigies, and they are—guns.

It was a happy humour that named the monster 35-ton gun turned out at the Woolwich Arsenal in 1872, "The Woolwich Infant." We call the gun a monster, for nothing like it had previously been heard of, ten-pounders, twenty-pounders, and forty-pounders were the guns in use, but the weapon of 1872 was regarded by the whole world as gigantic and appalling. At the trial discharge it carried a seven-hundred-pound shot through eighteen and a half inches of iron and a foot of teak, to the astonishment of all beholders, save those who had been present at the hatching and the rearing of the Infant. The charge of powder used was a hundred and twenty pounds.

Two years later, a second Woolwich Infant was hatched, and a far more sturdy Infant it was than its elder brother. The child weighed no less than eighty-one tons. A large party were present to witness the athletic powers of the Infant, and this time a shot of 1250 pounds was hurled through fifty feet of sand.

These facts are quite enough to show that the nursery of the "Woolwich Infant" is an institution which thoroughly understands the hatching and rearing of the species for which it is noted. Some account, therefore, of its methods, will no doubt prove interesting to readers of the Royal Magazine.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, to give the nursery its official name and designation, practically owes its origin to Queen Elizabeth, who, so far back as 1585, stored arms and armour at a mansion in Woolwich Warren.

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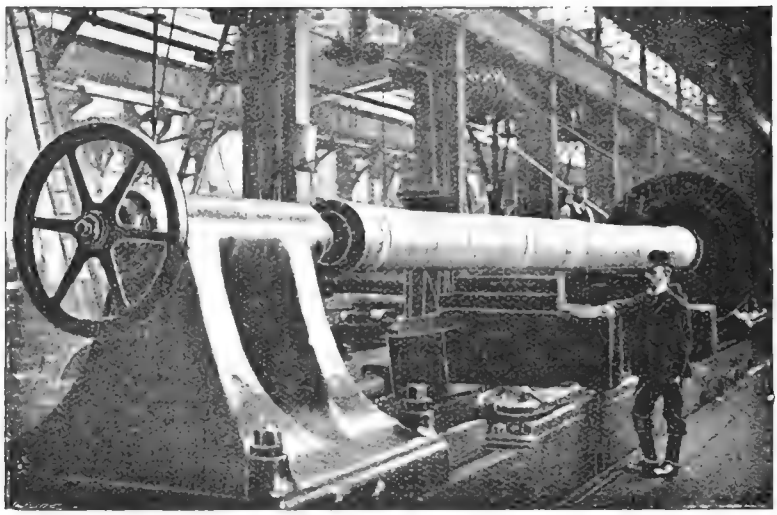
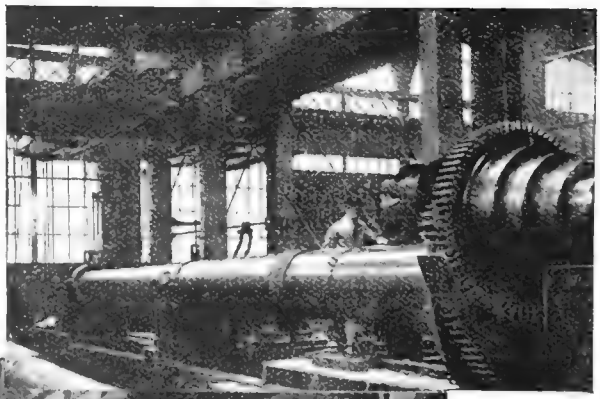
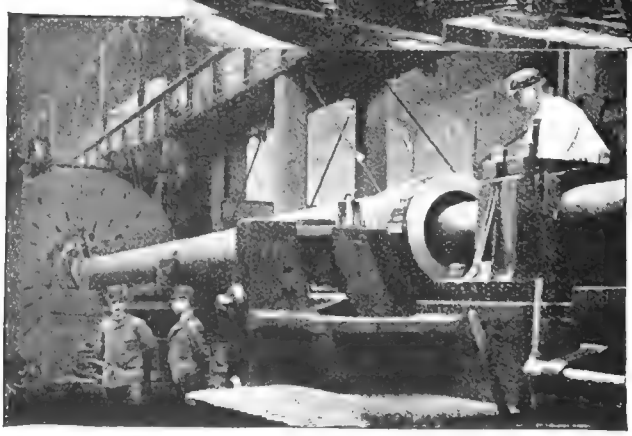


Rough turning of a 9 2 25-ton wired gun tube

It was to this lonely mansion, near the boggy marshes of Plumstead, that the eyes of the nation, or, at any rate, the military and official part of the nation, turned when the great Armada threatened to conquer the country, just as all eyes are now turned to Woolwich to produce big guns in such quantities as shall make us ready to meet any foe. Fortifications and other works were added to the Woolwich armoury by succeeding monarchs until, at last, at the end of the seventeenth century, the proof of ordnance was transferred from Mortlake to Woolwich. Thereafter grew up the Arsenal as we know it now. Guns were cast, carriages were constructed, powder and shot were stored in large quantities. Then shells and torpedoes, and signalling apparatus, and life-saving rockets, and tubes and fuses, and monster guns, and wire-coiled weapons, and all the marvellous, terrible, paraphernalia which go to make up modern armament were constructed, until, at last, there came a call for such engines of destruction in the war with the Transvaal Republic.

And now what a gigantic place is Woolwich Arsenal, with its gun factories, laboratories, chemical and photographic establishments, department stores, and scores of other smaller, but necessary, departments, which would be tedious to name in detail. Here are some figures, not exact, but approximate, for in so immense an institution—a city in itself—it is practically impossible for a mere visitor to take in everything, and get anything like an exact grasp of the machinery





Each big gun has miles of wire coiled round it with exact regularity, before the outer case is placed in position. In this photograph the wire-coiling is shown in operation.

Here the tube of a 50-ton gun is being bored.

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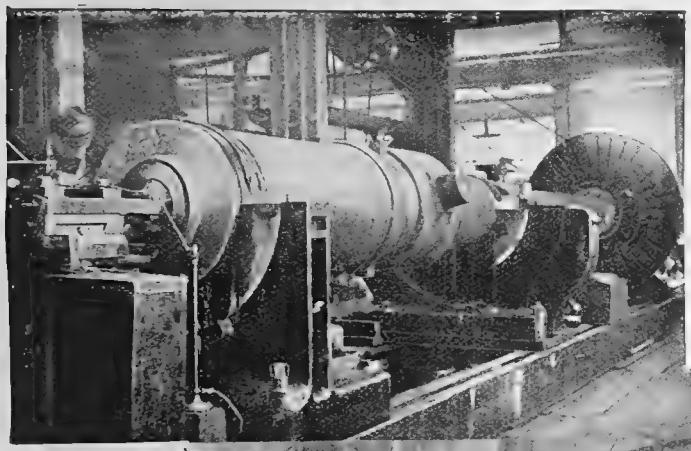
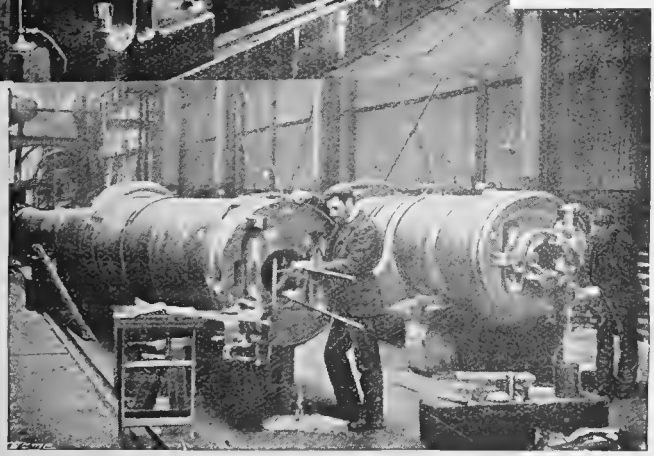


Screwing the breech of a 9.2 25-ton gun. This is a very important operation in the making of a big gun, for without a properly fitted breech the weapon is useless.



Gauging a 12-inch 50-ton wired gun. The man on the left is taking from the gun an impression in gutta-percha of the rifle-tube to see that there are no imperfections.

The machinery at Woolwich Arsenal is capable of turning out every year, a very large number of guns, ranging in size from a small field-gun to the huge one-hundred-and-ten-ton gun which, every time it is fired, causes blood to flow from the ears of those standing round.

We have selected a series of photographs showing, consecutively, the processes through which the guns go on their road to completion; but, for the sake of variety, the weapons portrayed in the different

Preparing to shrink the B tube of a 12-inch wired gun. The tube is lowered by the crane into a pit containing hot oil, and there it is left for several days until it is in a fit state to return to the workshops

used. There are, however, in use at the present time, more than three hundred lathes, fifty boring machines, sixty drilling machines, fifteen for rifling, fifteen for planing, fifty for slotting, seventy for shaping, fifty for milling, fifteen for screwing, twelve for lapping, twenty for wheel-cutting, five hundred vices, nearly a hundred furnaces, and a hundred and fifty cranes of all kinds, thirty steam hammers, exerting a striking power of from eight hundredweight to a thousand tons, which is the ordinary strength of the mammoth hammer portrayed in one of our photographs. The *employés* seem almost innumerable, and would certainly form a splendid population for a good-sized town. The Arsenal is, in reality, the life and mainstay of Woolwich.

The stupendous works and processes carried out, and the amazing machinery used, seem too wonderful for the ordinary lay mind to comprehend. No detailed article has, we believe, hitherto been published with photographs of Woolwich Arsenal, showing how the big guns are made, and it remains for the ROYAL MAGAZINE to give its readers a unique description of the *royal* gun factories.

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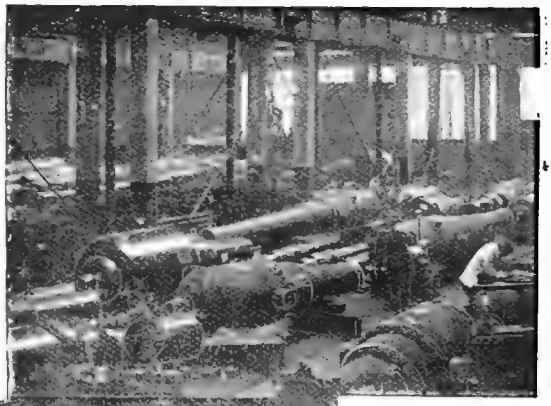
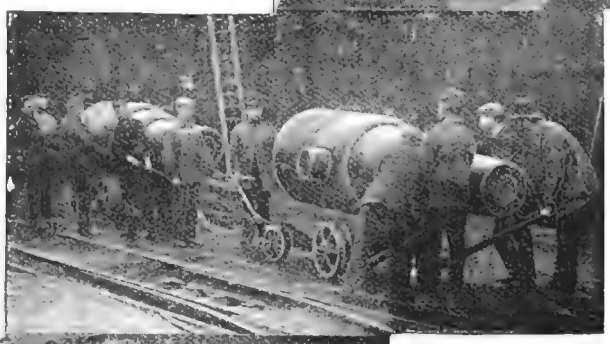
photographs are of different weights and bores.

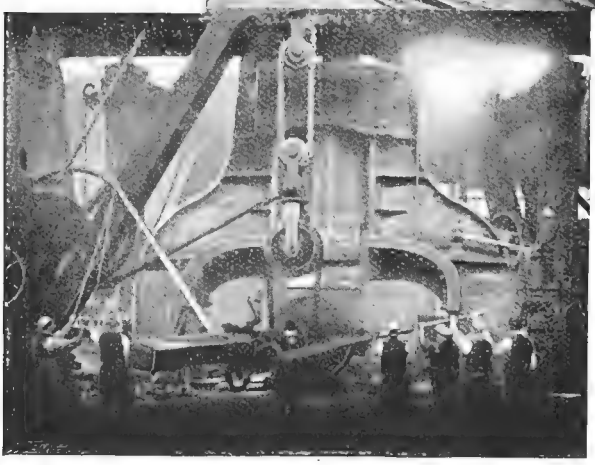
The first photograph shows how the rough turning of a 9.2 inch wired gun-tube is performed. The "tube," as it is called, although, as a matter of fact, this "tube" is a solid mass of metal, is placed in a huge lathe, as shown in the photograph. The machinery is set going, and the gun is roughly shaped, being turned finally to an exact size, and afterwards bored and rifled. Then the tube is taken to the shrinking pits for the purpose of hardening These pits contain hot oil, and the tubes are placed in the oil and left for several days, until they are in a fit state to return to the work-shops. One of our illustrations shows the B



The south sighting room in the Arsenal, where rear and fore sights are fitted, completing the weapons. They are once again overhauled and then sent away for use.



Shifting a couple of 12-ton muzzle-loading guns to the workshops to be converted into breech-loaders. The solid rear parts are bored out and breeches inserted.



The big Nasmyth steam hammer, which has a striking power of 1000 tons.

tube of a 12-inch gun being lowered into the shrinking pit.

The next process is shown in another photograph. The inner cylinder of the gun is coiled round and round with wire, until several miles have been used. In fact, it is said that the "tubes" of some of the larger wired guns are bound round with over 105 miles of wire! As each successive portion of the cylinder is wire-coiled, a cylindrical tube is shrunk upon it to prevent the coils of flat wire from being disturbed. Of course, at the same time, these tubes wonderfully strengthen up the gun. During the coiling, the gun-tube is placed in a lathe, and the whole work is done by machinery—a man simply looking on to see that everything goes smoothly. The drum or wheel from which the wire is run off upon the gun, may be seen in our photograph immediately at the back of the two workmen. The wire is of steel, and the drum feeds the gun, as the latter revolves in the lathe. The steel wire which possesses immense tensile strength, is wound upon the cylinder very tightly, and several complete and separate coils are used, one upon the other, each being bound firmly by shrinking thereon a solid cylinder of steel.

The outer cylinder of the gun, which envelopes the wire coils, has itself to go through as elaborate a process as the inner tube. After being turned and shaped externally, it is bored out and slightly tapered to an exact size ready for shrinking on to its counterpart, the coiled tube. In our photograph, the boring bar is

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seen on the right. This is firmly held in a fixed position, whilst the gun-tube rotates in the lathe, and slowly moves up the boring-bar, until it is a perfect tapering cylinder.

Various processes now follow, until the gun is prepared to receive its breech. One of the most delicate tasks which the Arsenal workmen have to perform, is that of making the screw-thread into which the screw of the breech will fit. Again, the gun is placed in the lathe, and the screw-thread is slotted at the rear end, behind the charge-chamber. Into this recess, the screw of the breech-block is afterwards fitted, and may be locked or unlocked therein by a partial turn of the screw. As readers have no doubt learned by reading the war news in their daily papers, a gun is quite disabled by taking away the breech-block. The gun portrayed in this particular photograph is a 9.2 breech gun.

Still more delicate and important is the work being carried out in the succeeding photograph, which shows a twelve-inch wired gun. This is known as gauging, the men who perform the work are known as viewers. Two branches of their task are shown in the photograph. The man on the left is taking from the gun an impression of its rifling. This is done with gutta-percha, the impression being taken all along the rifle tube, so as accurately to gauge its correctness. The viewer on the right is overhauling the carrier-ring of the breech-block, to see that there are no imperfections in its finish or working. The smallest flaw would be discovered, and the gun could not leave the department until it had been righted.

The photograph used as a heading for this article shows the next incident in the making of a big gun. A sixty tonner gun has just been turned out of the workshops, and is en route to the proof butts, where it is to be put through a course of very severe proof-firing tests to determine, if possible, any weak points. On such occasions a double charge of powder or cordite is used to

The most marvellous crane in the world. It took no less than four years in building and is stated to have cost over £100,000.

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propel the shot, thus ensuring a large margin of safety, considering the single charges subsequently to be used.

The gun having successfully passed all the tests to which it is put, is now conveyed back to the sighting-room, to be fitted with rear and fore sights. This being done, the weapon is complete. It is, however, again overhauled very carefully by the examination department of the Royal Gun Factory, and then if everything seems right, it is sent away from the Arsenal to whatever branch of the Army or Navy it is destined.

The making of the 9.2 inch gun takes about six months to complete in the ordinary way, although some of the heavier guns take longer, but if there is urgent need, the weapons can, of course, be turned out in much shorter time. It is interesting to note, that every gun has its history plainly recorded. All circumstances of importance in the course of its manufacture are set down in a book, and if a subsequent accident or rupture occurs, reference can be made with a view of determining the cause.

Not only are weapons of the very latest pattern and scientific precision manufactured at Woolwich Arsenal, but many of the older guns, which are now obsolete, are transformed into up-to-date and valuable weapons. One of our photographs shows a couple of twelve-ton guns being taken to the workshops to be converted into breech-loaders, when they will compare very favourably with more modern armament. The solid rear part of the weapon is bored out, and a removable breech-block fitted, enabling the projectile to be inserted into the chamber from the rear, instead of through the muzzle.

The gigantic Nasmyth hammer, with a striking power of one thousand tons, has already been referred to. It weighs forty tons, and is attached to standards, apparatus, and anvil, containing altogether over two thousand tons of solid metal. Two immense furnaces, the doorways of which will admit an omnibus to pass, supply the monster hammer; and four cranes, whose combined lifting power is about three hundred tons, lift therefrom its great "heats" of thirty tons, which are handled with the large iron tongs, directed by the forgemen, into exact positions, ready for the light or terrific blows required.

Another piece of marvellous machinery, perhaps the most marvellous in the whole of the Arsenal, is the gigantic two-hundred-and-fifty-ton steam crane. It was originally designed for lifting the hundred-ton gun, and took no less a period than four years to build. It is stated that the cost was over a hundred thousand pounds. The crane works over a large circular race, within the area of which are the shrinking and tempering pits.

The last photograph of our unique series shows the torpedo factory at Woolwich Arsenal, or, rather, a portion of the factory, for the building is an immense one, and could not be embraced within the scope of a single picture. It is studded with machinery for fitting-up and completing the Whitehead fish torpedo. The body of this torpedo is circular in section, but fish-shaped in length, and is supplied from outside sources to the gun factory. All the internal mechanism, however—screw-propeller, and other connections for this marine engine of destruction, is completed within the factory. There are secrets connected with its internal arrangements, such as can never be divulged, and this internal machinery is fitted up in a department known as the "secret room." The torpedoes cost £400 each to make, and something like two hundred are made each year at Woolwich.

A portion of the great torpedo factory at Woolwich Arsenal, where secrets of mechanism are carefully kept.

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"IMPEDIMENTA"

By Gerald Brenan.

I.

In the chaos of luggage upon the steamship dock, the brown portmanteau and the Saratoga trunk found themselves side by side. Under the circumstances, this was awkward; but the portmanteau belonged to a man of the world, and difficulties terrified him not.

The ice had to be broken; and the portmanteau made the first plunge.

"I—er—believe that we have met before?" he remarked politely.

"I should not have thought," rather coldly answered the Saratoga trunk, "that you would care to recall the circumstances. They were, at the least, distinctly painful."

"You allude, I presume, to the episode of our two owners? That was undoubtedly painful, but I cannot see why it should affect our own relations."

The American trunk was silent for a moment, and then said in somewhat mollified tones:

"Perhaps you are right. Our proprietors' love quarrels need not extend to us. We are not in love."

"On that subject you must really speak for yourself," replied the portmanteau, with a gallant creak. "By the way, the first scene of the last act, in this unhappy though romantic drama, occurred——"

"At Waterloo station. He had heard that she was going home to America, and waylaid her in the hope of reconciliation. But she cut him dead at the station."

"I quite remember it," resumed the portmanteau. "Do you know I really think that he had an idea of starting with her on the boat for New York. At any rate, he brought me with him, and I lay ready labelled on the platform. But when she turned her back on him like that, he sent me back to his hotel. Three days later we left London for the East."

"Ah, the dear East," the Saratoga trunk murmured. "It was there that we met first, was it not?"

"Yes, at Shepheard's. My owner and myself had just returned from a perfectly horrible time in India, and we decided on a week's laze up the Nile."

"And I was with Mrs. Pelt Van Pelt's party. Mrs. Van Pelt is our married sister, you know. They made some mistake, and you were sent up to our room. I well remember how nervous you were."

"No wonder. I was a lone bachelor portmanteau among any amount of giddy feminine trappings."

"It must have been awkward. After a while my mistress found you out, however, and took a good look at your labels. I heard her say to Mrs. Van Pelt 'This valise belongs to a Captain Richard Assheton. I wonder why he spells his name with that ridiculous double letter.'"

"The idea of calling me a 'valise!' So American!" interjected the portmanteau. "Still your mistress was a very charming young woman, and captivatingly sprightly."

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"She is charming still, though scarcely so sprightly. Between ourselves, she felt that episode keenly."

The portmanteau creaked with evident impatience. "Then why, in the name of all that is sensible," he said, "did she act so? It was all her fault, surely."

"Nothing of the kind," the Saratoga retorted; "it was wholly the fault of your deceitful Captain Assheton."

There was another silence; broken at length by the portmanteau:

"Well," he said, "we needn't fight about it. As you say in America: 'This is not our funeral!' I recollect when my owner saw your's first. He asked a servant her name; and I heard him repeating, several times: 'By Jove! That Miss Carrie Dunham is a deucedly pretty girl.'"

"That certainly showed that the man had some taste. She noticed him too; because I heard her talking to her sister. Then they met under Lord Ballymenagh's wing. You remember Lord Ballymenagh?"

"Little red-haired man who went about good naturedly introducing everybody. He was something on the Sirdar's staff, I think."

"Yes; and he spoke so highly of Captain Assheton, that Mrs. Van Pelt actually ended by inviting him to join the party."

"Which he did, with enthusiasm. Do you remember how tenderly he looked after you at Port Said? I assure you, I felt quite neglected."

"Ah, but Miss Dunham kept you in mind. I can still hear her begging him not to forget his dear old valise."

"The first proposal occurred at Malta, did it not?"

"Unquestionably. She came down to her stateroom and told Mrs. Van Pelt all about it. Indeed, she was sitting on me at the time, so I ought to know."

"She had put him on probation. I heard him tell his friend, Macleod. He was to meet them again in London, and receive his final answer. . . . . Ah, that answer! How can you, of the gentler sex, act so cruelly?"

He formally presented the wretch with a gorgeous diamond and ruby tiara.

"Cruelly? What nonsense. My dear mistress had no alternative but to do as she did. Do not forget the shameful conduct of Captain Assheton."

The portmanteau was astonished and said so.

"The shameful conduct of Dick Assheton," he repeated. "I cannot penetrate your meaning."

"Your nation is proverbially slow of comprehension," snapped the American trunk. "But it is surely hypocritical on your part to pretend a lack of knowledge of your master's notorious frailties. You must be aware that in Paris he so far forgot his boasted love for my mistress as to publicly pay court to that awful creature that they call 'The Queen of the Quarter.'"

"You mean Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*?"

"That is exactly whom I do mean. At the painters' ball (a most disreputable function, I believe) your master led Mademoiselle Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes* upon the stage, and formally presented the wretch with a gorgeous diamond and ruby

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tiara, in full view of an audience of howling students. My mistress's brother-in-law, Pelt Van Pelt, was present and actually saw him do it."

The portmanteau creaked violently.

"And such," he cried "was the mysterious reason why your mistress jilted poor Dick Assheton? Such was why she refused to see him, when he came for his answer? Such was the cause of her cutting him at Waterloo station?"

"Such, as you observe, was the reason for these things," said the Saratoga, sharply; "and a very sound reason too, so far as I can see."

The portmanteau gave vent to a violent fit of leathery laughter, greatly to his companion's disgust. So vigorously did he chuckle, in fact, that, from his lid (which had been left open for the convenience of customs' inspection) there slipped out a carelessly-packed roll of old newspapers. The roll, striking the sloping deck, was only stopped from falling into the sea, by the presence of the offended Saratoga.

"There," exclaimed the latter. "But for me, you would have lost some of your property."

"Pray pardon me," said the portmanteau, becoming suddenly grave, as he caught sight of the papers. "I am deeply grateful for your civility in saving that roll. It is more valuable than it looks."

"And now," remarked the trunk, "perhaps you will be so good as to explain the cause of your——your cacchinatory hysteria."

"What a clever trunk you must be, to use such long words. Anyone can see that you come from Boston. The cause of my merriment, eh? Well, I was laughing over the very ridiculous mistake made by your mistress and her meddlesome donkey of a brother-in-law."

As she spoke she handed to the astonished Miss Dunham the new paper which she had just been perusing.

"Mistake?"

"Certainly. The superb tiara, which my master presented to Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*, did not come from himself. He was merely an instrument in the presentation. The diamonds and rubies were a gift from the Rajah of Nuggerapore, who had seen Fanny in the previous year in Paris. He sent the diamonds to her from India, in charge of his friend, Captain Assheton. I ought to know; because the tiara was stowed away inside me, all the way from Madras. The noisy student reception, was

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merely a carnival joke, which the fair Fanny played on my master. The whole story was in the Parisian papers, at the time; and if your mistress's brother-in-law had taken the trouble to read them ——"

"He neither speaks nor reads French, poor fellow."

"Ah; that explains it. And so, because of his ignorance, two young hearts are to be severed, and two happy lives blighted."

"It is very sad," sighed the Saratoga sympathetically.

"Sad! In my opinion it is criminal. But let us consider. Is there no way by which matters may be set right? Fate has brought us together once more."

"And we may never meet again. Dear me; I never wished so fervently for the power of human speech before. Could I make myself understood, I should lose no time in explaining to my mistress this hideous error about Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*."

"Human speech is, of course, out of the question. But I really think that I see another way out of the difficulty. You remember that roll of newspapers which fell out of my internal arrangements, and which now lies by your side? Well, this morning, as Barnes was packing me, he found those old papers and put them in hurriedly. What do you think they are?"

"Indeed, I cannot guess."

"Nothing less than several Parisian morning journals, with full accounts of the presentation to the fair Fanny on behalf of the Rajah of Nuggerapore. If only Miss Dunham can be induced to see the articles in question."

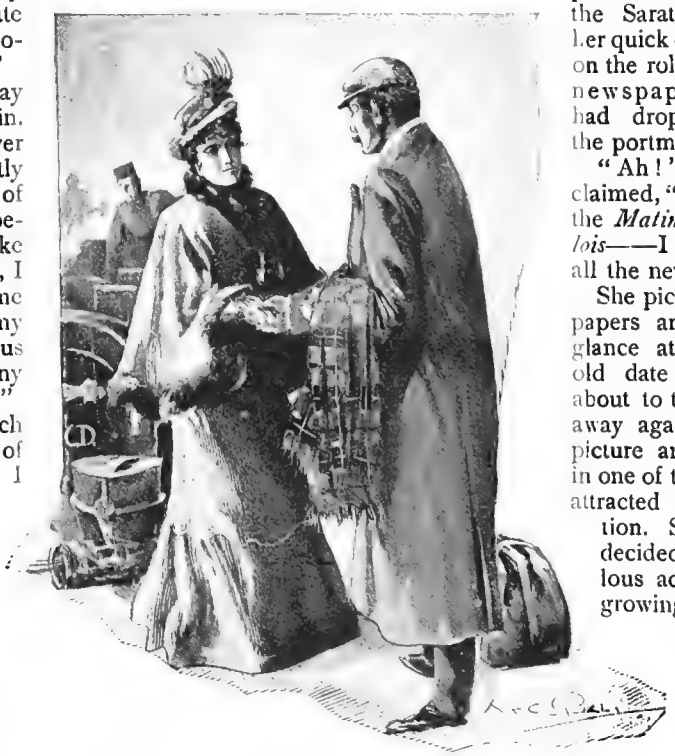
"Better again," cried the excited Saratoga, "if only her maid, Angelique, should find them. And here, in company with a customs' official, comes Angelique herself."

II.

Both the Saratoga trunk and the portmanteau were being examined by the customs' authorities.

Miss Carrie Dunham and Captain Richard Assheton stood near their respective heaps of luggage, but the average stranger could never have guessed from the manner of either one that there had ever been the slightest acquaintance between these young people.

As Angelique, Miss Dunham's maid, was proceeding to unlock the Saratoga trunk, her quick eyes fell upon the roll of French newspapers which had dropped from the portmanteau.



"Promise me you won't quarrel with him," said Carrie.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "the *Figaro*, the *Matin*, the *Gaulois*——I shall have all the news now."

She picked up the papers and, after a glance at the year-old date lines, was about to throw them away again, when a picture and heading in one of the journals attracted her attention. She read the decidedly frivolous account with growing curiosity.

"*Hé!*" she cried, "but this is a very strange business."

Then, forgetting all about custom-house people, she tripped towards where her mistress stood, still holding the newspapers in her hand.

"Oh, *mademoiselle!* What an occurrence! What a providence! Read, I beg of you, this article."

As she spoke she handed to the astonished Miss Dunham the newspaper which she had just perused with so much interest. The article in question described the presentation to the fascinating Mlle. Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*, of the Rajah's splendid present;

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through the medium of His Highness's friend, Captain Assheton.

Miss Dunham gasped when she read this revelation. Then her fine eyes filled with tears, and she turned sadly towards her maid.

"There has been a terrible mistake, Angelique," she whispered.

"Alas, yes, *Mademoiselle*. It was the fault of *Monsieur* Van Pelt. But, indeed, *Mademoiselle* must not give way. I have a plan to make all right again. If *Mademoiselle* will only consent to a little innocent deception—a little private theatricals, as it were—we may save the day."

"What can I do, Angelique?"

"*Mademoiselle* must pretend to faint upon the Saratoga trunk yonder. *M. le Captaine*, being a gallant man, will come to the rescue."

Carrie Dunham dried her eyes.

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind," she said. "It would not be honourable."

Angelique shrugged her shoulders. "It is the only chance, *Mademoiselle*," she said; "and, look, *M. le Captaine* is about to go."

It was true; Assheton was sending his servant for a cab.

Quickly Carrie Dunham stepped forward, and touched him on the arm.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I have no right to address you, but, if you will be kind enough to allow me a few minutes speech, I should feel very grateful."

Dick Assheton tried hard to look stiff, but the effort was a failure.

"You are welcome to address me when you please, Miss Dunham," he said.

She held out the paper which Angelique had given her from the roll.

"Only this afternoon," she faltered, "have I learned that I wronged you last year. This article put me in possession of the true facts regarding the presentation which you made to the actress who is mentioned there."

"Good Lord," he interrupted, "you don't mean to say that—you surely didn't think——"

"It was my brother-in-law's fault," she exclaimed hysterically. "He speaks no French, and has no time to read anything but the stock reports in the newspapers. Unfortunately someone brought him to the students' ball and he witnessed the whole affair. He thought that it was his duty to tell me, and a few days after, he came to the little Devonshire cottage where we were staying, and gave me a full account of what he said was a most disgraceful scene."

"And you believed him?"

"I did; at home he's a strict churchman, and I have never known him to tell a lie."

"Then give me a good liar," growled Assheton wrathfully, "or else a churchman who stays away from students' carnivals."

"He—he meant well."

"Of course he did. They usually do."

"And I am sure that he will apologise to you, Captain Assheton as I do now. Good-bye."

She was turning to rejoin her maid, but Assheton stopped the way.

"Do you mean to say" he cried, "that, having come forward to acknowledge your error, you are going away once more?"

"But—but what can I do?

"To begin with, you can shake hands."

"But I don't——"

"You don't want to be reconciled?"

"Oh, yes" (holding out her hand, which was fervently gripped by Assheton).

"Then what do you mean, Carrie?"

"I mean, Captain Assheton, that I don't want it to look as if—as if——"

"It certainly shall not, if you wish it. I'll come and see you to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow, please."

"No, to-morrow. Your brother-in-law might discover another mare's nest."

"You are tyrannical."

"But remember how I have been tyrannised."

"Very well. To-morrow, at Mrs. Van Pelt's."

"Will Van Pelt be there?"

She smiled.

"Yes; but promise me you won't quarrel with him."

"No; I am far too happy to quarrel, even with Van Pelt. My revenge shall be a generous one. I shall teach him French."

III.

"Well?" said the Saratoga trunk to the portmanteau, as they parted company on the the dock. "We shall meet again, I fancy."

"I rather think so," answered the portmanteau. "Everything seems to have turned out admirably."

"Admirably indeed, old friend," the trunk exclaimed, ecstatically. "Do you know, I think there may be a wedding before Advent?"

"And then we shall always travel together, you and I."

But the Saratoga trunk was coy, and said nothing.

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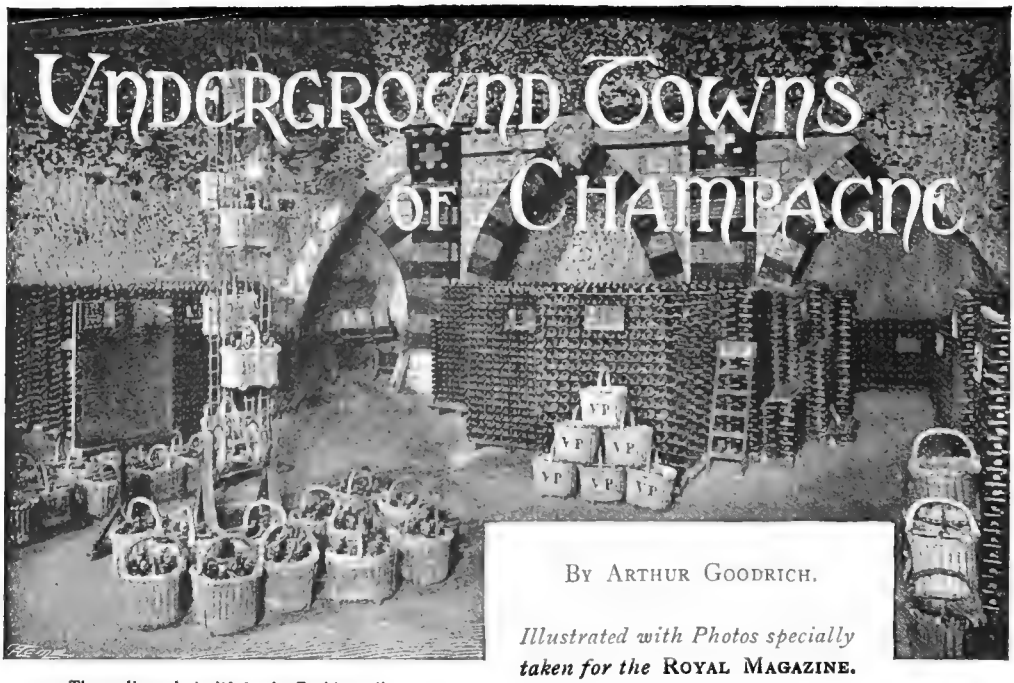
Underground Towns of Champagne



By Arthur Goodrich.

Illustrated with Photos specially taken for the Royal Magazine.

The endless chain lift in the Rothier cellars.

It is highly probable that had champagne been known in the time of Shakespeare, the immortal bard would not have permitted Cassio to stigmatise the invisible spirit of wine as a devil, though in the days of good Queen Bess there were, no doubt, wines which produced even worse mornings than the full-bodied ports and fiery sherries so beloved by our forefathers.

The worthy folk of the last century who scorned claret because it was a wine which did not enable the consumer, in the words of the old farmer, "to get any forrader," would in all probability have despised the pale, yellow fluid, which Tallyrand called the "*vin civilisateur par excellence.*"

If the vineyards of the Cyprus commandory produce the strongest wine, those which flourish in the low hills of that department of France, through which the Marne tranquilly flows, furnish the most popular.

Mankind no sooner discovered that the luscious invention of Don Perignon, who, of a certainty, must have been a better cellarman than a monk, possessed the truly divine power of transforming the anxious, care-laden citizen into a light-hearted brilliant creature, merry of speech, sunny in aspect, and sparkling of eye, than they straightway accorded it such favour that to-day the power of champagne rivals that of statesmen and kings. If the Press is the fourth estate, then of a surety champagne is the fifth. No social function is complete without it. It oils the wheels of Diplomacy, and knots which reason fails to loosen champagne severs with ease. Indeed, so great is the demand, that 40,000 acres in the vicinity of the river Marne are given up to the cultivation of the vine.

As the average production is twenty-one million gallons (the sales to this country alone exceeding twenty million bottles a year), the wine trade is gradually altering the aspect of the country.

The quaint architecture and crumbling houses of Epernay, the Roman antiquities and grand old cathedral of Rheims, enable these towns to retain their old-world air. But their belated survivals exist only on sufferance. They are not in the way, moreover, for the real towns of Champagne are underground, bustling, busy places, where the chief business of the industry is carried on.

These subterranean cities are of vast extent, because champagne, although a product of nature, is dependent on man for the development of those qualities which have won it the favour it enjoys. It is also coy, for after leaving the sun-kissed vines, the raw wine so shuns the light of day that cellars, at once

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dark and cool, are necessary for its transformation into

> Champagne with foaming whirls
> As white as Cleopatra's pearls.

These underground towns have widened and spread as the popularity of the wine has grown. The growers have even taken to tunnelling at Ay, a little village nestling between the vine-clad slopes and the Marne Canal. Concerning this Ay, which is famous for producing the finest of all champagne—the golden grapes of Ay—a curious story was told me by an old inhabitant.

One fine morning, in 1870, a partner in the old-established firm of Deutz and Geldermann fell into the hands of the vanguard of the Prussian Army, who forthwith sent him to the headquarters.

"You will bring 12,000 pairs of boots to-morrow morning," said the Prussian General.

The wine-grower was aghast. "I am not a bootmaker," he declared; but the officer was busy and would not listen.

As the boots did not turn up, Bismarck and the aforesaid General looked about for the defaulter, and ran him to earth in his cellar. The grower of vines, trembling for his life, so awful was Bismark's frown, profferred his visitors a glass of his gold lack.

"This is splendid," exclaimed the Prussian General.

"Wine of this quality never comes to Germany," grumbled the statesman; "we must make up for lost time."

But, although the staff drank and paid for an enormous quantity of Deutz's gold lack during the siege of Paris, this wine did not become really popular till it figured in the wine list of the banquet given by the Royal Naval Club at Portsmouth some years ago in honour of the Prince of Wales.

It is in the underground towns of Champagne that you learn the real truth about the wine—that the sweet wine goes to Germany and Russia; that the former country require their's loaded with ten per cent. more liqueur than that sent to England. Indeed, from the subterranean workers you also gather that the world has so persuaded itself that the best wines come to England, that foreign firms now order of English wine-merchants in preference to sending their orders to the champagne country.

Workmen entering the famous Pommery cellars. 116 steps lead down to eight miles of passages.

Good champagne is generally of a pale straw colour. The underground towns also say that dry wine is the safest, because the purest, to drink; that in addition to being a harmless and transient stimulant, it is good for neuralgia, headache, and influenza. Underground Champagne shudders at the mere mention of Champagne being mixed with ice or ice-water, and declares that its flavour is injured if it is cooled below a temperature of 50 degs.

Underground Champagne has, needless to say, its grievances. It is apt to revile Nature for not providing really bountiful vintages oftener than once in four or five years. In the opinion of the cellars, the vintage of 1899 was of fine quality, but not over abundant.

When the ladies and gentlemen of the lower regions (Champagne) dine sumptuously they prefer champagne early in the repast, not because they like it, but because champagne, they say, is the parent of a good appetite.

The British working man, with his short hours of work, would probably not care for a job in underground Champagne. Day after

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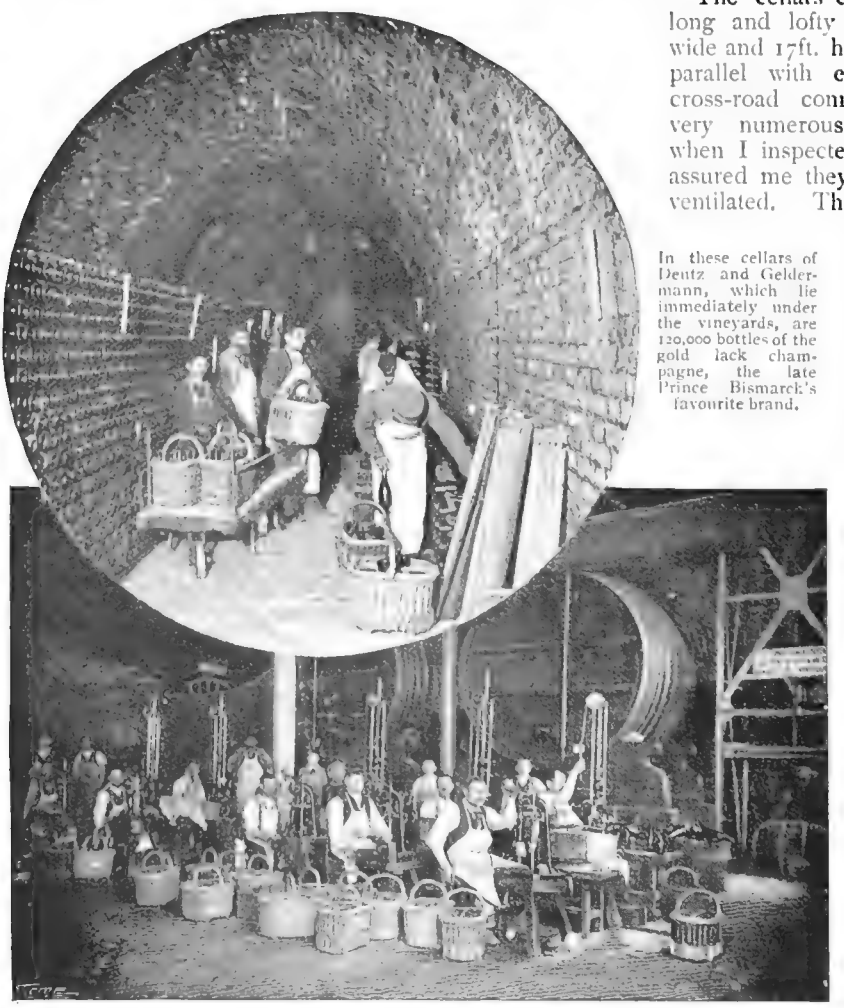
day the work people leave for eleven or twelve hours the outer world, to discharge duties which, if not heavy, must be extremely monotonous.

One intelligent old Frenchman assured me, when I visited Rheims, that he had worked below nigh upon forty-five years. His duties consisted in shaking the bottles to dislodge the sediment. Having stated that he had shaken fifty bottles a minute during a working day of twelve hours for these forty-five years, he asked me to calculate for him how many bottles he had shaken. I considered for a moment, and then incontinently took to my heels.

Underground Champagne may produce good wine, but it seems to sour the disposition of those who tend it. I found most of the inhabitants taciturn, not to say misanthropical. In one cellar at Epernay I came across an old man who assured me that the place was filled with ghosts and goblins. If the cellar folk drank the wine they might be more lighthearted. I believe the favourite beverage of underground Champagne is spirit. Strength preferred to quality. The popularity of Ay champagne has made but little difference to the village itself. The little place is as primitive as ever, but a regular subterranean city is growing up right underneath the vineyards.

Ayala and Co., Bollingers, Duminy and Co., Le Duc de Montebello, and Deutz and Geldermann have their cellars at Ay.

The latter firm have excavated to such purpose that their underground town is able to store eight million bottles.



In these cellars of Deutz and Geldermann, which lie immediately under the vineyards, are 120,000 bottles of the gold lack champagne, the late Prince Bismarck's favourite brand.

Bottling the champagne by machinery.

The cellars consist of eight long and lofty galleries, 17ft. wide and 17ft. high, all running parallel with each other, the cross-road connections being very numerous. My guide, when I inspected these vaults, assured me they were perfectly ventilated. They may have been, but on the day of my visit the bottles were bursting in all directions. In one gloomy vault there was something very like a bombardment going on. A perfect epidemic of breakages seemed to be raging.

Said my guide: "A mere nothing! With many firms the yearly destruction of bottles is seven per cent; our's is under four per cent." A mere nothing he called it! It was lucky my head was enveloped in

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a wire mask, for I was hit, and smartly, too, more than once.

The moment any wine begins to develop an undue proportion of effervescence, its combativeness is reduced by transference to a temperature only slightly above freezing.

Perinet's is really an English firm (J. Barnett and Sons), and is the only English house engaged in the manufacture of champagne. Its three-storied cellars are all constructed of solid masonry, each story being divided into two big galleries with numerous connecting passages. Whilst other firms are attentively considering how to overcome the shoulder weakness of the champagne bottle (it is at the shoulder where the fracture generally occurs), all Perinets do is to see that the lowest cellar is never above 43 degs., and that of the second floor, 41 degs. Bottle breakage in these cellars do not exceed one per cent.

This car, symbolical of the champagne trade, was prepared by Mercier and Co. for the procession in a great charity festival.

Large as is the underground town of Ay, it is a pigmy as compared to that of Epernay. Here are located the enormous cellars of Mercier and Co., into the depths of which over 500 hands descend every morning to earn their daily bread.

The premises of Mercier and Co. are the finest in all Champagne, and their cellars probably the largest. No one can enter the huge underground town of Mercier without being impressed with a sense of its vastness.

The President of the French Republic paid these cellars a visit in 1891, and after a glass of superb wine, became infected with a spirit of exploration (not colonial), and hurried in advance of his guide, and lost his way. For over two hours the French Republic was minus its head. There is nothing strange in the occurrence, for the cellars of this firm are fifteen miles long. Some are well ventilated and lighted, but the one into which the President wandered and lost himself was of the dark, dank, and dismal order.

Feeling doubtful whether the hue and cry after a lost journalist would be as loud as the one raised for a missing President, I stuck close to the guide provided me by Mons. Chauvet, *chef des caves*, when I explored them.

Never was such a sight! Miles of roadway lined with hogsheads of raw wine. Stacks of bottles of various vintages in different stages of maturity and in every conceivable position. Streets, roads, crossings, squares and open spaces stretch out in all directions. Many are hewn out of the solid rock, others excavated from the chalk. Some of the wine has been lying there more than ten years, for a good wine will keep on improving for eleven years.

As the name of Mercier is quite unknown to the general public, it may be as well to state that the shareholders are vineyard proprietors who supply hundreds of wine-merchants with brands on which they place their own labels. So great is this class of trade that on examining the cellar books I found that the iron-wheel trucks roll to the lifts, in response to orders from the outer world, over 120,000 bottles a day. Large as are the vineyards owned by this firm, the produce is so

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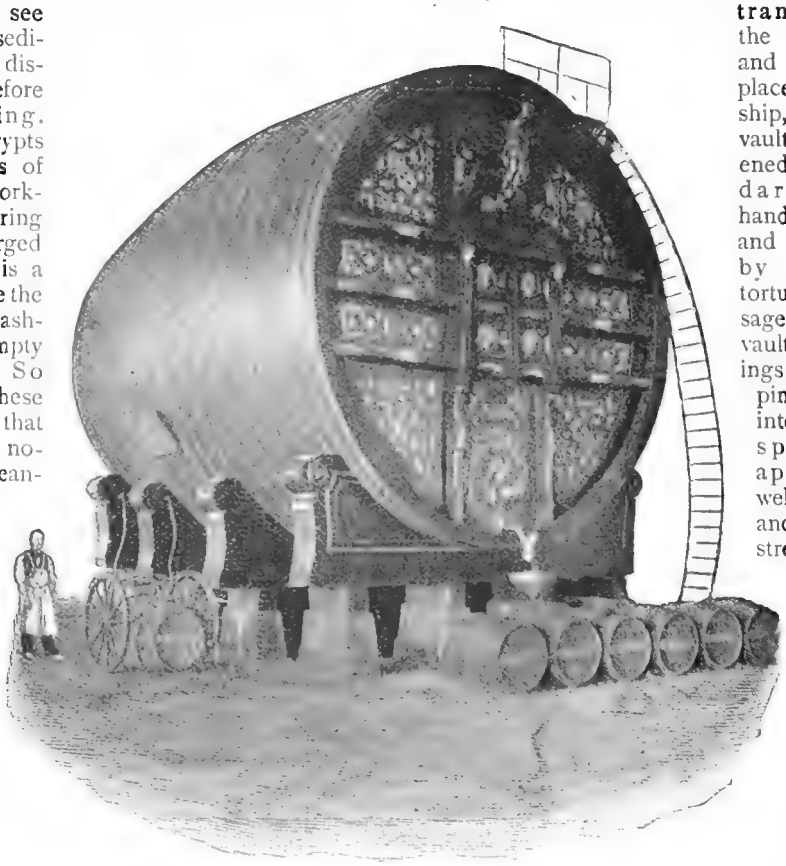
inadequate that the firm thinks nothing of buying during the year 20,000 casks of wine from the grower at an average price of £7 a cask.

A wonderful town is that of Mercier. Mercier's vaults I found much safer travelling than those of Deutz and Co., owing to their being full of ventilating shafts.

In one gloomy corridor one will light on a gang of men looking ghostly in the dim light of candles, in front of which are held the bottles to see if the sediment is dislodged before disgorging. In other crypts are groups of workers corking and wiring the disgorged wine. It is a sight to see the women washing the empty bottles. So deft are these damsels that they think nothing of cleansing a thousand bottles a day.



Here is the largest wine cask in the world. It contains 200,000 bottles of champagne, and is to be seen in the caves of Mercier and Co. at Epernay. When taken to the Paris Exhibition of 1889 it was carried on a huge cart drawn by twenty-four oxen.

Before I left the cellars I was shown the five-and-forty gold medals the firm has carried off, and a book which showed that the cellars have to supply a yearly demand, mostly for England, of no less than 4,012,752 bottles. As I left I caught sight of the largest cask in the world. It holds 200,000 bottles, and requires twelve horses to draw it.

But if Mercier's are the kings of underground Epernay, I found a rival potentate enthroned in the lower regions of Rheims. The gigantic cellars of Pommery and Greno are, without doubt, the most perfectly appointed of all. Spick and span as they looked in the light shed by electricity, the spirit of romance is still present.

The caves were once the hiding places of the early Christians; indeed, so honeycombed with passages were they, that for many centuries robbers, assassins, politicians out of Court favour, Huguenots and what not found a safe refuge in their depths. But the civilising hand of man has been at work, and transformed the old lairs and rugged places of worship, gloomy vaults, blackened by the darkening hand of time, and reached by narrow, tortuous passages and low vaulted ceilings and dripping walls, into dry and spacious apartments, well drained and lighted streets, with a temperature regulated and kept under control by thirty ventilating shafts.

The brand which has accomplished all these marvels is a dry wine, monopolised almost entirely by England. Millions of bottles line the roadway of Pommery Town for miles; but although the world has drank sufficient of the *vin brut* to float an ironclad, it still clamours for more.

The underground town of Pommery is reached by a flight of steps, 116 in number. I measured the width, and found them to be 12ft. Thirty years ago the cellars sent to the

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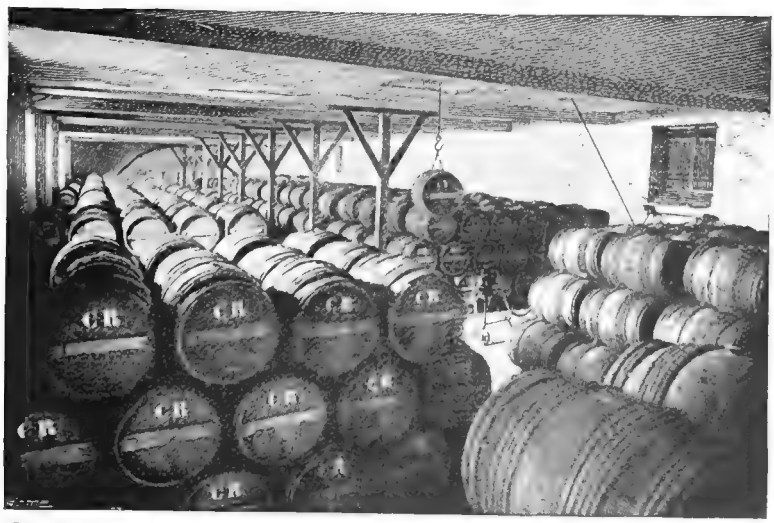
outer world less than 50,000 bottles a year. As the demand for Pommery now exceeds 3,000,000 bottles, the tunnelling still goes on. Will the demand for champagne at last exceed the supply, and the *pure* vintage become in the end precious as molten gold? Possibly; but, in the meantime, its high price renders it the monopoly of fortune's favourites, so that most of us taste of its sweetness but rarely — at Christmas and on great occasions that remain unforgetable for nothing so much as for those costly draughts of divine vintage.

The Pommery cellars contains many long passages like this, and altogether comprise nearly half a million square feet.

I laid a stress on the epithet "pure" just now, and my reason for doing so is an astonishing little fact concerning champagne that came to my knowledge while writing this article. There is more champagne drunk in one year than the whole champagne country produces in seven! Where does the vast supply of spurious vintage come from? Certainly not from the firms mentioned in this article. Of what is it made? Let us not enquire too closely. In 1898 the champagne district exported about 19,680,000 litres, and the world swallowed no less than 137,860,000 litres! But it is satisfactory to know that of the genuine article England consumed more than half, Belgium some 2,778,000 litres, Germany 1,859,000 litres, the United States and Canada 1,419,400 litres, and Russia only 498,500 litres.



Reserve wine in the Perinet cellars. In this photograph are shown casks which altogether never contain less than two million bottles of champagne, worth roughly £350,000.

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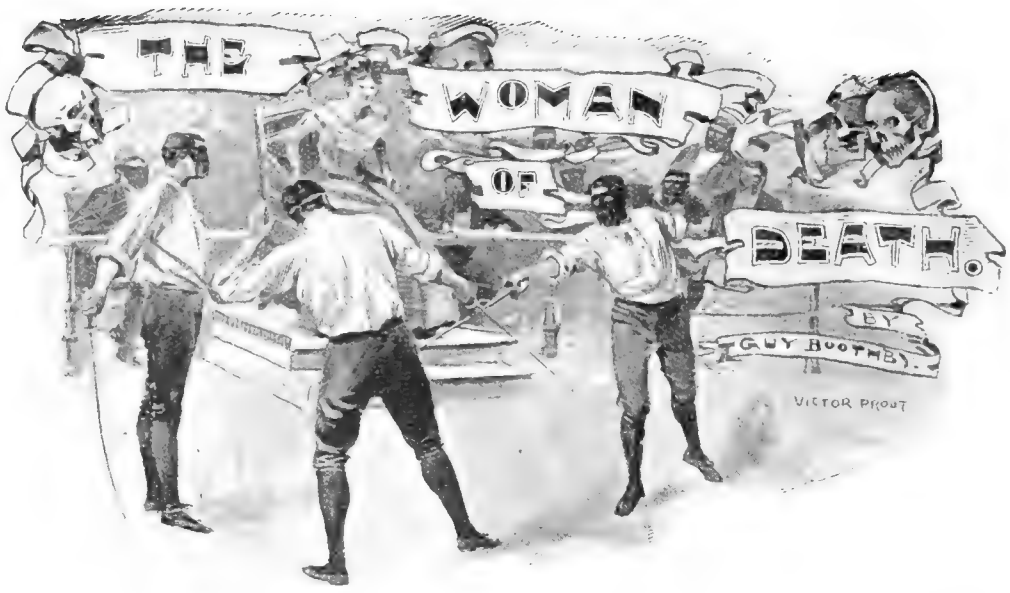

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH, suffering from boredom, joins a Parisian club, of which the weekly amusement is a compulsory duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady, whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame D'Espère, a lady of his acquaintance. Returning to England, Middlesborough becomes engaged to Cécile de Tavernac, and discovers shortly afterwards that her father is also a member of the above-mentioned club, and has just been summoned back to Paris by the Woman of Death.

CHAPTER VII. (*Continued.*)

MIDDLESBOROUGH'S first thoughts on waking next morning were certainly happy ones. He was the betrothed lover of Cécile, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had won her on his own merits and without any extraneous assistance. It was only when he recalled all the events of the preceding night that his spirits sank again. He remembered the visit paid by the man who he now felt sure was de Chartres, the secretary of the club at St. Germain, and the agent of the Woman of Death; and also his fruitless endeavours to overtake him later in the evening. While he dressed, he informed Perkins of his decision to leave for Paris that day, and bade him make the necessary arrangements. The latter's satisfaction knew no bounds. After Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, the French capital would be like Paradise. His face was as radiant as it was possible for the countenance of a well-trained servant to be. While Middlesborough was eating his breakfast, he heard the man whistling as merrily as a blackbird in the room overhead.

As soon as he had finished his meal, Middlesborough made his way to the Manor House, and with a feeling that was not far removed from a foreboding in his heart, walked up the drive. Thanks to Cécile, who had been hard at work since daybreak, he found them almost ready for the journey.

"I am proud of my morning's work," she said. "In less than an hour all our preparations will be complete."

"You have certainly worked hard," Middlesborough replied; "but you have not told me whether you will be sorry to leave this old house."

"I shall be very sorry to say good-bye to it," she answered. Then looking up at him, she added, "I should not have minded leaving it a week ago, but now everything is different.

Before Middlesborough could reply to this speech, de Tarvenac entered the room. He looked white and heavy-eyed, as if he had spent a sleepless night.

Middlesborough expressed the hope that he was feeling better that morning.

"I feel as well as ever," de Tarvenac replied, but in a tone which suggested that, comforting as the assurance might sound, it was scarcely the truth. "Are you still determined to come with us to Paris?"

"Quite determined," Middlesborough an-

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swered. "My man was packing when I left the inn. I am looking forward to spending a very pleasant time with you across the Channel."

De Tarvenac turned away with a sigh that was not lost upon his companion. Middlesborough noticed also that Cécile watched her father continually with anxious eyes. He had changed a great deal of late. At one time, she said, he was never happy but in Paris. Now it was quite different; he could scarcely bear to hear the name mentioned. Times out of number she had endeavoured to induce him to tell her the reason of the change, but it was always in vain. He declined to admit that his feelings had altered in any way. The eyes of Love, however, are seldom to be deceived. Cécile, from her experience, felt certain there was something behind it all, and she waited for time to show her what that something was.

Towards midday the one and only vehicle in Todthorpe was chartered, the luggage was collected, Perkins was appointed to the post of courier, and they set off in the direction of Harwich. As they drove along the dusty road, they turned to take a last look at the place they were leaving. Touched by the wizard hand of Sentiment, even the sand-hills and the rush-covered plain beyond, seemed almost picturesque. Then the road turned abruptly to the left, and the village was lost to view.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock next morning when they reached Paris. They had travelled *via* Bâle, a route which Middlesborough registered a vow he would never attempt again. Throughout the journey he had done all in his power to promote the comfort of his friends, and the thanks he received from Cécile, when they reached their journey's end, more than rewarded him. Strange to relate, they had no sooner set foot in Paris than de Tarvenac became a different man. He was no longer the moody, irritable individual that Todthorpe knew, but was once more the witty, cynical man of the world who had called upon Middlesborough that evening in London.

"I trust we are not going to lose sight of you altogether?" he said, as they stood upon the platform of the Gare du Nord. "You have our address, I fancy, and I can only say that we shall be very pleased to see you whenever you can spare the time to call upon us."

"It is probable you will see more of me than you care about," Middlesborough replied, with a laugh. "If I were you, I would not put too much temptation in my way."

He escorted his friends to a cab, saw their luggage placed in another, and then bade them good-bye.

A telegram had been sent to his servants from Harwich notifying his arrival. He accordingly left Perkins to collect his luggage, and, calling another cab himself, bade the man drive him to his residence. When he arrived there his butler opened the door to him as if he had only been out to pay a morning call. He bathed, changed his travelling suit, and then breakfasted. A pile of letters lay upon his writing table, over which he glanced impatiently. The first was a gossiping epistle from the Countess de

"I should not have minded leaving a week ago," she answered, "but now everything is different."

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"He arrived this morning," the other replied.

Chevilhac, who was yachting in the Ionian Islands; another invited him to a shooting party in Russia. The writing of the third seemed strangely familiar to him. Turning over the page he glanced at the signature. He was not mistaken. It was from Madame d'Espère, and ran as follows:—

Champs Elysées.

"CHER AMI,

I have a belief, why I do not know, that you will be in Paris when this reaches you. If I am right, may I hope that you will come and see me?

Toujours à vous,

STÉPHANIE D'ESPÈRE."

"How could she have known that I should be in Paris to-day?" he asked himself almost angrily. He felt as if he had no desire ever to see her again. He could only think of her in connection with the woman he had seen at the house in St. Germain, a far from pleasant association as matters now stood. Then it struck him that it was possible he might discover something about de Tarvenac if he called upon her, though he was well aware that if the latter were a member of the Club, it was hopeless to expect that she would be communicative. He postponed consideration of the matter, however, for a while, and sat down to breakfast, wondering how he should kill time until it would be permissible for him to call upon Cécile. He could not help feeling that it would not be possible for him to see so much of her as he had done in the quiet Essex village. In consequence he, perhaps the only person who had ever done so, looked back upon Todthorpe-by-the-Sea with almost a regret.

At last, when he had finished breakfast, mastered the remainder of his correspondence, and skimmed the morning papers, he left the house and walked in the direction of the Amphitryon Club. It was a bright morning, and consequently the Boulevards were crowded. He had always shown himself to be one of the Gay City's most ardent devotees, and he felt that if only he were the husband of Cécile, and that house at St. Germain did not exist, he would be content to spend the remainder of his life in Paris.

Presently he found himself in the Hall of his favourite club. He had come there with a definite purpose, and to further this he made his way upstairs to the Secretary's office. The latter was a man who numbered among his acquaintances most of the celebrities of Europe. Indeed, it was mainly due to his connection with its management, that the Amphitryon occupied the place it did.

"Ah, my dear Lord Middlesborough," said the latter, when the other had been ushered into his presence. "This is a pleasure indeed. I understood from de Chamberet you were in England. When did you return?"

"Only this morning," Middlesborough answered. "I came by Antwerp and Harwich for a change. There is nothing like varying your route occasionally."

"I can quite believe it," the other replied. "And now what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"Since you are a sort of social detective, and know the movements of everyone in the world of politics or fashion, I want you to tell me whether Sir William Ballister is in town, and, if so, where I shall be likely to find him? I saw in yesterday's *Morning Post*

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that he was on his way from Vienna to London, travelling *via* Paris."

"He arrived this morning," the other replied. "Personally I have not seen him yet, but I believe he has looked in here. As you are aware, he usually stays at the Bristol, but if it will be any convenience to you, I will find out where he is and let you know in the course of a quarter of an hour."

"I should be vastly obliged to you if you would," Middlesborough replied, and then made his way to the smoking room, where he waited until the information he wanted should be brought to him. At the end of ten minutes a servant entered the room with a card upon a salver. Upon the former Middlesborough read the name of the hotel at which his friend was staying. He accordingly left the club, and set off in the direction indicated. On reaching the hotel he inquired for Sir William Ballister.

"If Monsieur will furnish me with his name, I will have it conveyed to His Excelleney, who will doubtless see Monsieur at once," the hall porter answered.

Middlesborough did so, and a few minutes later followed the man up the grand staircase to the suite of rooms which the ambassador was occupying.

"My dear Middlesborough, it is indeed a pleasure to see you," said Sir William, as he hastened forward to greet his friend. "It is a long time since we met."

"You so seldom come to Paris," Middlesborough replied. "But that does not seem to have any ill effect upon your health. I never saw a man fitter in my life. I wish you would tell me your secret."

"You are welcome to it," the other answered. "It is a very simple one, and it would do you a world of good to try it. Plenty of work, a fair amount of play, always in bed and asleep by midnight, and a cruise on the high seas every autumn. It is only when the newspapers manage to goad us into some wretched complication that I feel older than a schoolboy. But you have not come here to talk to me about politics or my health. Tell me what I can do for you?"

"I want you to give me some information," Middlesborough replied. "I fancy you can do it, if you will."

"You know very well that I will do anything I can to serve you," Ballister answered. "What is the information you require?"

The other paused for a moment before he replied.

"It is rather difficult to explain," he began at last. "I scarcely know how to commence. I have a secret to reveal to you, Ballister, which, so far, I have not told to anyone. The fact of the matter is I am about to be married."

Ballister showed some signs of surprise.

"My dear fellow, let me congratulate you most heartily," he said. "You could not have given me better news. Would it be discreet to enquire the name of the young lady? Perhaps I am acquainted with her."

"I do not think so," the other answered. "She is Mademoiselle de Tarvenac."

"To tell the truth, Ballister, I'm in a bit of a scrape. . . . I may die before my wedding day."

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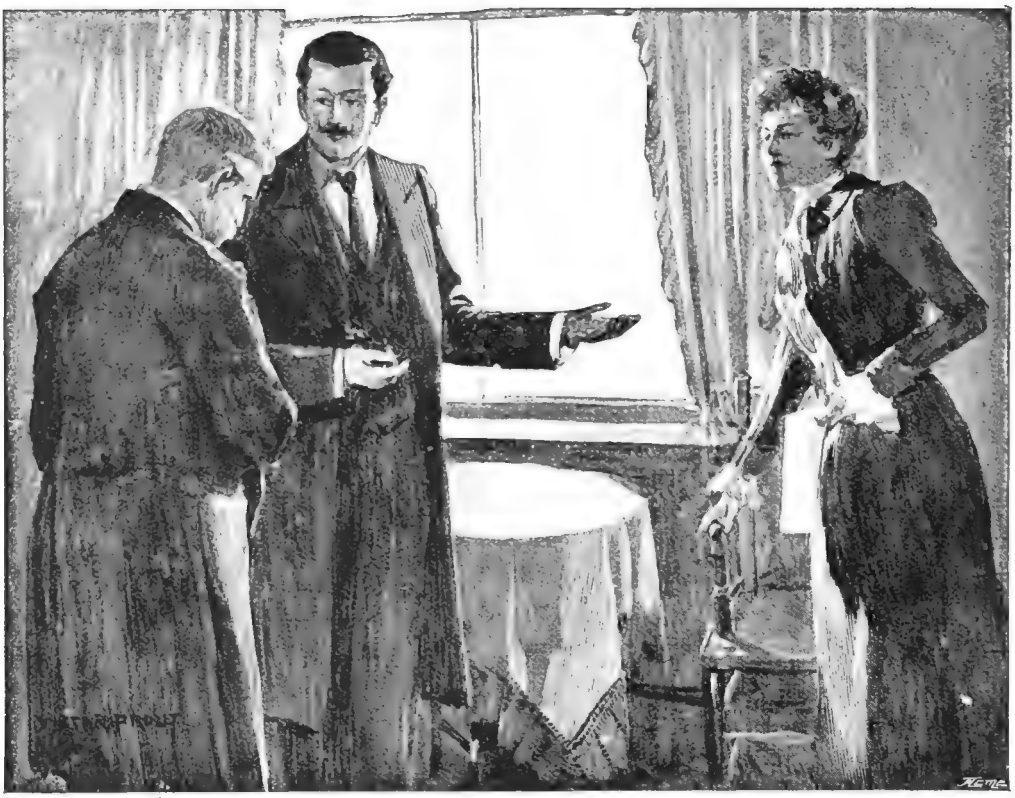

"Cécile, let me present to you one of my oldest friends, Sir William Ballister."

"Surely not the daughter of Bouverie de Tarvenac? The man who wrote 'The Confessions of a Misanthrope.'"

"His daughter," said Middlesborough, laconically.

"But I was given to understand that he had been—well, to put it mildly, rather tabooed by Parisian Society."

"Indeed," said the younger man. "I was not aware of that. I know that he has lost whatever wealth he may once have had. But surely that does not affect his daughter?"

"Of course not," Ballister replied. "Fortunately for us all, a father may be somewhat of a scapegrace without its being compulsory for his daughter to follow his example. Now what can I do for you? Am I to act as best man, or do you wish me to be a trustee for your marriage settlement?"

"You have nearly guessed it," said his companion. "I want you to be a trustee, but scarcely in the manner you propose. To tell the truth, Ballister, I am in a bit of a scrape. I do not actually anticipate disaster, but still there is always the possibility hanging over my head that something may happen; that I —well, to put it plainly, that I may die before my wedding day."

"Good Heavens!" cried Ballister, this time in genuine surprise. "What do you mean by that? Is your heart affected, or what is the matter with you? You look well enough."

"There is nothing the matter with me in that way," Middlesborough replied. "My heart is sound enough, I believe. It is not that, that worries me. It is something else. Unfortunately, I have given a pledge of secrecy so that I cannot tell you more. All that I want you to do for me is, to give me your promise that in the event of anything happening to me, you will take care that Mademoiselle de Tarvenac's future is assured."

"But why cannot her father see to that? Surely he would be the man."

"Her father would be the person, of course, if he, himself were all right," Middlesborough answered, "but he is *not* right. His heart, the doctors say, is seriously affected. No, I want you to promise me that if anything should happen to me before I am married, you will be my executor so far as she is concerned. I

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have arranged that the sum of £40,000 shall be placed in trust for her, and my lawyers have the fullest instructions in the matter. Should it be necessary, they will render you every assistance in their power. I come to you as my oldest friend to implore your assistance. If you have any objection, I'll look elsewhere, but I must confess I shall be bitterly disappointed. Will you do it for me?"

"If you wish it," the other replied slowly, and with a proper appreciation of the responsibility he was incurring. "But I must say that I sincerely trust it is a sinecure with which you are endowing me. I am not going to ask you what mischief you have been getting into. But for Heaven's sake, my dear boy, be careful."

"It is too late now," Middlesborough answered. "I've been a fool and if necessary I must pay the price of my folly. Have you anything particular to do this morning?"

"Nothing," the Ambassador replied. "I have paid my respects to those in authority, and my time is my own."

"In that case perhaps you will let me take you to the Rue Josephine and present you to Mademoiselle de Tarvenac? I shall feel safer when I know that you have seen her." He asked this favour with such earnestness that Ballister felt he could not very well refuse.

"I will accompany you with great pleasure," he replied, "I am not quite certain, however, that the Count de Tarvenac will care very much about renewing his acquaintance with me. We met many years ago over rather an unpleasant affair, and since then, though I am sorry to have to confess it, I have rather gone out of my way to avoid him. Now, if you will excuse me, I will make my toilette, and then we will set off together."

While his friend was absent from the room Middlesborough went to the window and stood looking into the street. It seemed as if Providence had sent Sir William Ballister to him just at the moment that he wanted him most. Now he had the satisfaction of knowing that if, by chance anything evil should befall himself, Cécile's future would at least be provided for. She would receive nothing, he knew, from her father. Half an hour later they reached the house in the Rue Josephine and learnt from the *concièrge* that Mademoiselle de Tarvenac was at home. They thereupon ascended the stairs. As good fortune had it, the Count himself was absent, so that Ballister's fears lest he should not be a welcome guest were needless.

When they were ushered into the tiny drawing room, Cécile was seated by the window, reading. She rose with a little cry of pleasure on seeing Middlesborough, and then drew back abashed when she discovered that he was not alone.

"Cécile, let me present to you one of my oldest friends, Sir William Ballister," said her lover.

She bowed to the grey-haired man with that old-world grace that was such a continual delight to Middlesborough. Ballister was struck by her fresh, young beauty, and congratulated them most heartily on their engagement. When they left the house an hour later, he took Middlesborough's arm.

"My dear boy," he said. "Allow me to say that I do not think you could have done better. If I know anything of women she will make you a good wife."

"And I have your promise that, should necessity demand it, which I sincerely trust it may not, you will do as I ask?"

"I will," Ballister answered gravely. "You may rest assured of that. But as I said to you before, be careful. Think of that young girl who loves you. Should anything happen to you it would break her heart."

They shook hands and bade each other goodbye.

That afternoon as he had nothing to do until the time should arrive for him to dress for the dinner he was giving Cécile and her father, Middlesborough strolled along the Champs Elysées in the direction of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It was a perfect afternoon, and the finest street in Europe was crowded with smart equipages. He had reached the Place de L'Etoile, and was weaving his plans for the future he was to spend with Cécile, when he became aware that someone was endeavouring to attract his attention. He looked up and saw before him an exquisite victoria drawn by a pair of chestnut arab horses. In it, lying back upon her cushions, and holding a dainty parasol above her head, was Madame d'Espère. She was dressed in the height of fashion, and, as Middlesborough was compelled to admit, looked more beautiful than he had ever beheld her. For the reason that she had observed him, there was nothing for it but for him to speak to her. He accordingly crossed the road and approached her carriage.

"Welcome back to Paris," she said, as she held out her hand to him. "Though why you should have come by way of Antwerp instead of the more direct and quicker route, via Dover, I cannot understand."

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"My reason was not a very mysterious one after all," he answered. "The explanation lies in the simple fact that I happened to be staying near Harwich at the time. But you have not told me how you discovered which way I came?"

"By this time you should know me well enough not to ask me how I learn anything," she replied. "Did I not tell you on the day we bade each other good-bye, that I should know the exact hour of your arrival in Paris? Call it second-sight, call it what you will, the fact remains that I not only did know it, but that I was also aware that I should see you here this afternoon. May I take you home with me and give you a cup of tea?"

Middlesborough saw nothing for it but to accept her invitation. He accordingly entered the carriage and the horses continued their triumphal progress down the Champs Elysées.

Madame d'Espère's boudoir had won for itself the reputation of being perhaps one of the most attractive in Paris. On reaching the house she begged Middlesborough to go direct to this apartment while she retired to change her toilette. When she rejoined him she was all lace and filmy whiteness. The windows were open, the sunblinds drawn, and in consequence the room itself was filled with delightful shade, and the perfume of many flowers. They could hear the roll of the carriages in the Champs Elysées, and the faint music of a military band, playing in the garden of the Tuileries, came up to them. Middlesborough inquired in what manner she had been spending her time since he had last seen her.

"I could not tell you," she replied. "I keep no account of my days. One is like another. I have amused myself as far as possible. And you? What have you been doing? Was your business in England successful?"

"I believe so," said Middlesborough. "If wading through endless parchments and spending more hours than I care to think of in a dingy back office, amid a stack of tin boxes, and the reek of musty records makes for success, I have accomplished wonders."

"I sympathise with you," she returned. "Surely, however, you had something to compensate for all this? Had you no amusement of any sort?"

She waved her fan slowly to and fro, and looked at him over the top of it as she put the question. Middlesborough saw that she had a definite reason for catechising him.

"One must amuse oneself somehow," he answered apologetically. "But I am not altogether certain what the term 'amusement' implies. I was compelled to attend the Duchess of Laverstock's ball because the Duke and I are neighbours. Fear of giving offence induced me to accept three invitations to dinner which, you may be sure, I afterwards regretted."

She still fanned herself slowly. A smile was hovering round her mouth.

"And was that all?" she enquired, "In that case my dreams have misled me. It is strange, for they so seldom fail."

"Is it possible that you did me the honour to dream about me?" Middlesborough asked, as if he were overwhelmed by the weight of the compliment she paid him.

"Yes, I confess, weak as it may seem, I did. In my dream I saw you walking in an old fashioned garden."

Middlesborough started. When he saw that she had noticed it, he could have cursed himself for his stupidity.

"And pray what was I doing in the garden, Madame?" he inquired.

"You had a companion," she continued, "a young girl, dressed in white. There was a look in your face as you spoke to her that I have never seen there. If I had not known you so well, I should have imagined that you had at last been weak enough to fall in love."

Middlesborough returned his cup to the tray before he replied. Was it only a dream, or had she met de Tarvenac and wormed it out of him?

"Must one necessarily be in love because one walks in an old garden with a young girl who happens to be dressed in white?" he asked.

"Not necessarily," she answered; "but, in this case, probably. Are you prepared to assert that what I saw in my dream did not really occur?"

In a flash he saw how it had all originated. How blind he had been not to think of it before. He remembered the voice he had heard in the room when he and Cécile had been walking in the garden. De Chartres was there, and on his return to Paris he had told the Woman of Death. If, as he felt certain was the case, Madame d'Espère was identical with the latter, here then was the explanation of her marvellous dream. He resolved to test his supposition.

"I was sorry not to have seen de Chartres when he visited Todthorpe," he said as nonchalantly as possible. "He called at the inn where I was staying, but unfortunately I was not at home at the time."

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"Can you not see that I love you?" she said—"that I love you as I believe no woman has ever loved a man before?"

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Though he watched her face closely he could see no change on it. She fanned herself as leisurely as before.

"And pray who is Monsieur de Chartres?" she enquired. "I am afraid I do not remember his name upon my visiting list."

Middlesborough was about to reply, but before he could do so she had sprung from her chair and was standing before him. All her apathy, all her listlessness, were gone, scattered like chaff before the wind.

"Have you no pity," she cried, "that you speak to me like this? Can you not see what you are doing? You are driving me mad! I believe I *am* mad, that I have been mad ever since I first saw you. No, no, don't speak! Everything that you did in England is known to me, and all your hopes and aspirations are as plain to me as noonday. Can you not see what you are doing? Can you not realise the mistake you are making? Why will you throw yourself away upon a child when—when—"

She suddenly dropped on her knees and seized his hands.

"When I love you?" she added, in a whisper.

He tried to rise, but she held him so tightly that it was impossible for him to do so without using actual violence to her.

"No, no," she said. "You must hear me out now. It is too late to draw back. Can you not see that I love you?—that I love you as I believe no woman has ever loved a man before? Think of it! Is it nothing I am offering you? You do not know me or my power. Have you a desire in life? Then I can gratify it. You have wealth, you have a great name, power, social success. Love me, and you shall be anything else you please. Look at me. Am I not beautiful?"

He was compelled to admit that she was radiantly, wonderfully fair.

"You admit it? Say but the word and I am yours," she whispered as fiercely as if she would compel him to take her against his own will. But Middlesborough thought of Cécile, and that gave him strength.

"Forgive me, Madame," he said, as coldly as he knew how to speak, "if I say that, while I am appreciative of the compliment you pay me, what you say is impossible. Since it is evident you have heard of my engagement, I need not tell you why."

For a moment she stood immovable and speechless. Her face was very white, but her eyes blazed with a fire that looked as if it would ultimately consume her. She was fighting for breath. When she got it, the storm broke upon him in all its violence.

"So," she hissed, advancing towards him as she spoke, "it has come to this between us? I have offered you love, and you have received that offer with scorn. I would have been to you more than a lover, more even than your second self; you prefer me as an enemy. So be it. Go to that child and warn her that I am her enemy from this moment."

"As you please, Madame," said Middlesborough. Then, taking up his hat, he moved towards the door. He was not half way across the room before her manner once more changed, and she staggered towards him and threw her arms about him. She was weeping now, and the violence of her sobs well nigh choked her.

"No, no," she cried, "you must not go like this. I cannot let you go. I was wrong to speak as I did, for pity's sake forgive me. I did not mean it. I—I—"

A moment later she had fallen in a dead faint at his feet. He picked her up and carried her to the nearest couch. Then he rang the bell, and went out into the corridor to await the coming of a servant.

"Madame d'Espère has fainted," he said to the man. "You had better send her women to her."

Then he, himself, went down the stairs and left the house.

"There is the hand of Fate in this," he said to himself as he walked along the crowded pavement.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.—*In the next Number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE will commence a deeply interesting Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run." The Articles are being written by a gentleman who is an authority on all naval matters, and the first of the series, entitled "Hoisting the Pennant," will deal with the commissioning of a warship for service. Throughout, the Articles will be illustrated by a magnificent series of Photographs.*

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WIRE-WALKING IN MID-AIR

By Henry W. Garrick.

Illustrated with Special Photographs by J. Round, Smethwick.

Mr. Lafayette on his perilous journey.

THE complete absence of artifice in the tight-rope walkers' business is as rare as the proverbial 'snow in summer.' I have had the good fortune—to say nothing of the morbid curiosity — to witness nearly every star of magnitude of this dangerous profession from the immortal Blondin downwards. I have even gone so far as to interview many, and my experience is that there are few so well skilled in their art that they can dispense with artificial devices as a means of creating effective impressions upon an audience. At last I have discovered a *rara avis* in this direction in the person of "Lafayette," who hails from Buffalo, U.S.A., and have succeeded in obtaining a series of unique pictures, taken from the top of a disused chimney-shaft, in order to substantiate the assertion.

The life of the average tight-rope artist is not exactly an easy one. His performance may last only fifteen, or perhaps thirty minutes, but we must remember that during this period every nerve is strained, every muscle distended, and the brain severely taxed and concentrated on all he is hazarding; but this is not all. Constant practise, restricted dietary, abstention from alcoholic beverages and stimulants, and the sternest rigidity of temperament, are the requirements of the successful equilibrist. He must, of necessity, be a gymnast, a slack wire expert, a contortionist, an embryo Sandow, and a good all-round athlete, for all these qualities are requisitioned in the course of his business.

The attainment of perfect equilibrium is a very lengthy process indeed, necessitating months and months of patience, and perseverance. William Lafayette, who forms the subject of this article, assured me that he spent the whole of a long winter—five hours a day—in a gymnasium at Buffalo, mastering the difficult feat of turning round on the rope. This can scarcely be discredited when we analyse the *modus operandi* of the performer in the execution of it.

A trial on *terra firma* will, I am sure, convince the most sceptical that it is distressing to accomplish it even then. Arm yourself with a seven-jointed length of ordinary gas-piping, say twenty feet long, weighing from thirty-five to forty pounds; find the centre of gravity by holding the implement in a parallel position while standing on one leg, then raise it high above the head, bending the body slightly forward; now gradually lower the pole behind you until it rests across the small of the back, meanwhile maintaining your balance perfectly (no swaying here permitted). Place the left leg forward, and the right leg immediately behind it, then, turning the right hand with the palm towards you, seize the pole absolutely in the centre, thus freeing the left. Having poised yourself, swing your body completely round,

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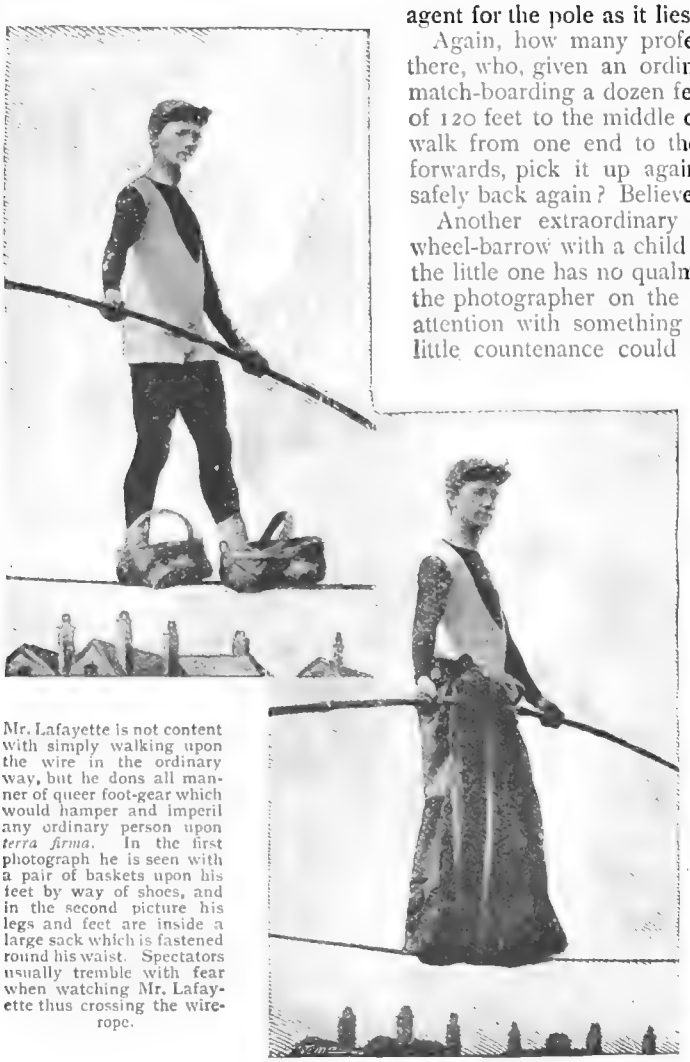
using your right and left heels as pivots, and grasp—immediately you have completed the "right about face"—the pole with the left hand.

All this is not easy even when you know how, and, needless to add, there are very few performers who *can* turn completely round in this fashion. I once saw a poor fellow—a professional, who shall be nameless, who proudly boasted that he had never once faltered in the task—fall from a height of 120 feet. His pole swayed as he turned, and, thinking it would be better to let it fall, he did so, and stood on the wire-rope quite two minutes; had he kept a level head he could easily have traversed back to the platform without it. But he unfortunately thought otherwise, and in trying to jump from the wire and catch on with his hands—*á la* trapeze artist—he missed his aim, crashed down into the net, bounded, and rebounded out on the floor, a mass of contusions and bruises, all but losing his life.

Those performers who are desirous of, metaphorically speaking, standing on their heads, can do so in the easiest manner possible. Selecting the centre of the rope just where the guy-ropes are attached, it is a very small matter to affix a couple of iron wire thwarts in order to steady the balancing pole on either side. But to do the act without any of this trickery, as shown in the illustration, is something that requires a vast amount of consideration, and one naturally asks oneself whether "the game is worth the candle." This is the only instance in which I have seen the feat attempted without a steadying agent for the pole as it lies across the wire.



Mr. Lafayette is not content with simply walking upon the wire in the ordinary way, but he dons all manner of queer foot-gear which would hamper and imperil any ordinary person upon *terra firma*. In the first photograph he is seen with a pair of baskets upon his feet by way of shoes, and in the second picture his legs and feet are inside a large sack which is fastened round his waist. Spectators usually tremble with fear when watching Mr. Lafayette thus crossing the wire-rope.

Again, how many professional tight-rope artists are there, who, given an ordinary deal plank, or a piece of match-boarding a dozen feet long, can take it a distance of 120 feet to the middle of the wire, lay it along, and walk from one end to the other on it, backwards and forwards, pick it up again, and bring it, and himself, safely back again? Believe me, there are very, very few.

Another extraordinary picture is that showing the wheel-barrow with a child in it. It is very evident that the little one has no qualms about the matter; probably the photographer on the chimney-top is attracting his attention with something sweet, for a more composed little countenance could scarcely be imagined. Here again there is no artifice. The barrow is of the flimsiest material, and not in any way weighted so as to facilitate the performer in the matter of balance.

Of course, the weightier the paraphernalia the easier the manipulation, that is to say, to a strong man. I can recall Blondin at the Crystal Palace. His balancing-pole, heavily weighted, was as thick round as an ordinary glass-tumbler, and must have required tremendous muscular power to manipulate. Blondin always used a *rope*, almost as thick as his balancing-pole. Nowadays, it would be considered too conventional and old-fashioned for any performer to use ropes and poles. Ella Zuila, Macdonald — who, alas! attempted the impossible and killed himself—

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Hardy, who recently fell and pulverised nearly all the bones in his body — Ponchery, the German elephant-Blondin, and many others of latter day renown, all used a steel cable.

A twenty feet length of gas-tubing, and a 250-feet half-inch steel cable, together with two 120-feet telescopic steel masts, and a quantity of manilla guy-ropes, constitute the fit-up of "Lafayette." This outfit costs at least £200, so it is not so cheap a business to set up in as you might imagine it to be.

This performance is a good deal more risky than it looks. The total weight of the two men and the balancing rod is nearly 3ost. The passenger, judging by his expression, does not seem to feel at all nervous.

Some children might feel frightened if their perambulators were wheeled along such a road. But the little fellow is happy enough. He knows he is in the safe care of Mr. Lafayette.

To those who wear spectacles, or pince-nez, the fact that Lafayette does so will doubtless prove a revelation. The inevitable "steam" which blurrs the optic auxiliary from time to time must trouble anyone whose life hangs on a thread, such as does Lafayette's. Yet he goes through his performance regardless of the fact that if the glasses slipped off his nose, he would have to stoop down to see the wire plainly, and find his way safely back again at a great disadvantage, to say the least of it. He is probably the only Blondinesque professional who trusts his spectacles before his personal safety. Yet he cannot work without them. When they get fogged during the performance he simply sits down on the wire and cleans them as composedly as if he were on the top of an omnibus. It is for this reason that he does not particularly care to walk habitually across the wire with his head enveloped in a sack as in the illustration.

I do not anticipate that many people would care to venture a "pick-a-back" across a yawning gulf such as is depicted above, but I remember a soldier, a rank Irishman, who one day stepped out of a crowd, and suggested, in rather a demonstrative manner, that he should accompany Lafayette on his aerial trip, perched upon his shoulders. As this martial madman weighed at least fourteen stone, it is quite needless to add that his offer was politely refused. However, as his epithets and jeers were not as complimentary as they might be, it was deemed advisable to humour him, by asking him to be hoisted to the top of the mast—120ft. high—and consider the matter. Oh yes, that was quite agreeable (before he got there), but when

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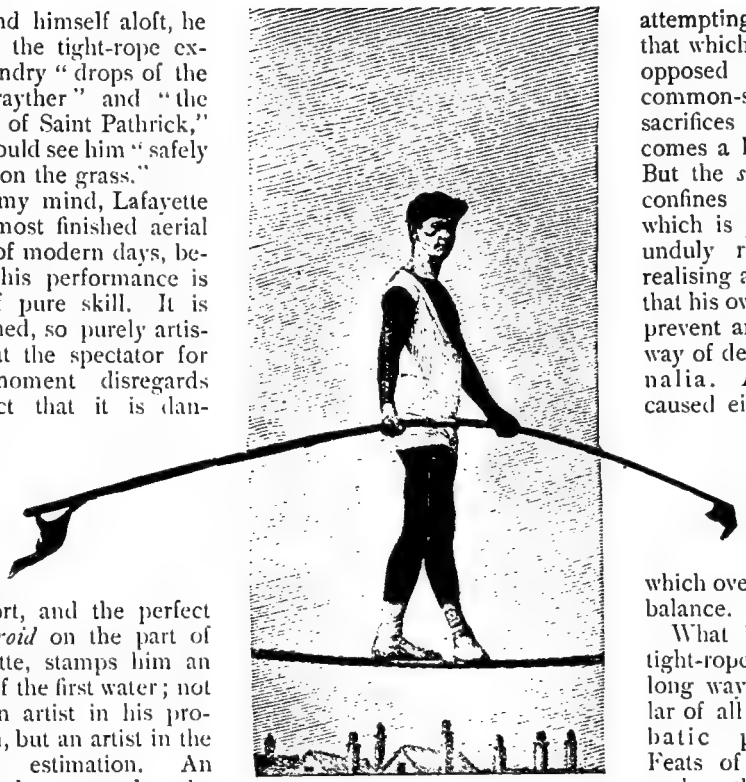
he found himself aloft, he offered the tight-rope expert sundry "drops of the real craythur" and "the blissin' of Saint Pathrick," if he would see him "safely seated on the grass."

To my mind, Lafayette is the most finished aerial sprite of modern days, because his performance is one of pure skill. It is so refined, so purely artistic, that the spectator for the moment disregards the fact that it is dangerous. The complete absence of effort, and the perfect *sang-froid* on the part of Lafayette, stamps him an artist of the first water; not only an artist in his profession, but an artist in the public estimation. An artist who can take the public into his confidence, and keep it there by the sheer magnetism of unadulterated ability, is certainly deserving of credit.



120ft in mid-air with a stiff nor'-wester blowing.

To all this there is a moral. Shakespeare says "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." Just so. The *successful* tight-rope artist thinks he is wise, until, by attempting to accomplish that which is diametrically opposed to the law of common-sense, he either sacrifices his life, or becomes a hopeless cripple. But the *skilful* performer confines himself to that which is possible, without unduly risking his life, realising at the same time, that his own skill can never prevent an accident in the way of defective paraphernalia. Accidents are caused either by the reckless daring of the performer, the negligence of his assistants, or the spirit of confidence which overrules the logical balance.

Mr. Lafayette has a novel and astonishing method of taking afternoon tea.

What is it that makes tight-rope walking, by a long way, the most popular of all manner of acrobatic performances? Feats of sheer strength, such as the lifting of huge weights, the tearing in half of a pack of cards, the bending of a horse-shoe with one hand, are no doubt popular enough, especially in England, where mere biceps are worshipped with an ardour that forms perpetual source of astonishment to foreign nations. But the really expert tight-rope walker is held in honour as no other public performer, with the exception, perhaps, of the champion boxer, and his performance invariably draws huge crowds of spectators. Now I think that the delight in watching such things is decidedly not a healthy one, its chief motive being not really pleasurable, but morbidly thrilling and breathlessly exciting. Not one of all the spectators but thinks perpetually while the tight-rope walker makes his perilous journey: "He may fall at any instant!" and it is the unholy pleasure which human nature finds in a thought like this that makes for the popularity for the performance.

The old Romans, who, of all nations which have ever existed, seemed most in need of novel thrills and unhealthy excite-

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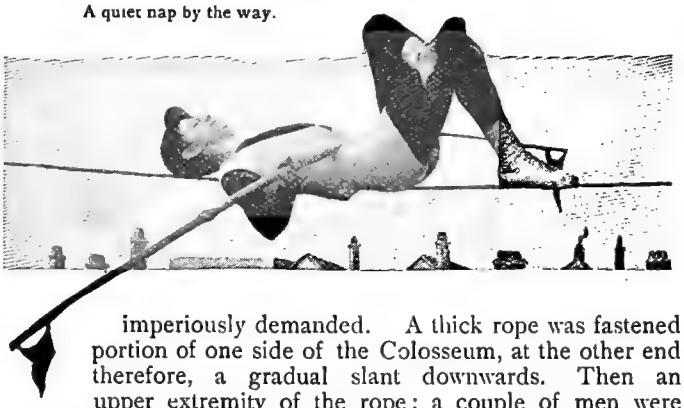
ment to make their lives bearable, took a peculiar pleasure in watching tight-rope performances, and though with them the performance was a far more perilous one than would ever be permitted in modern Europe, it was certainly an improvement on the hideous spectacles, the orgies of blood that the depraved taste of these people at one end to a lofty to the ground; it made, elephant was hauled to the

A quiet nap by the way.



imperiously demanded. A thick rope was fastened portion of one side of the Colosseum, at the other end therefore, a gradual slant downwards. Then an upper extremity of the rope; a couple of men were placed on his back, and the wretched beast was forced to walk down the rope into the arena. You who have seen the ruins of the Colosseum, or photographs of it, will understand what a terrible journey this must have been. How they managed to train the elephant I have no idea, certainly elephants to-day would never consent to undertake such dangerous feats. But then, no doubt, we have lost, among other things, the art of imposing our will on all creation. The Romans made a demand, and, however impossible its fulfilment might seem, they somehow forced obedience, whether on men or animals.

In concluding, I must not omit to refer to one of those inventive cranks, whom I met the other day, who had quite original ideas on wire-walking. He was able to clearly prove from figures, set out carefully upon paper, that in something Anno Domini the City of London and other large towns in this country and America would be alarmingly over-populated; so much so, in fact, that the streets and thoroughfares now existing would be quite inadequate for pedestrian traffic. "What remedy do you suggest?" I asked in trembling accents, for the news quite unnerved me. "Why!" replied my informant, "we must teach the rising generation to become tight-rope walkers, and then the overhead telephone wires will make a splendid series of roadways."

It would be difficult for a rope walker to be more hampered than Mr. Lafayette is in this picture. He is completely blindfolded and has an old cheese box round the lower portion of his legs.

But this is a far more difficult and risky feat than even the last. Very few tight-rope artists are able thus to stand upon their heads for any length of time.

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Cliff "Climming" at Flamborough.

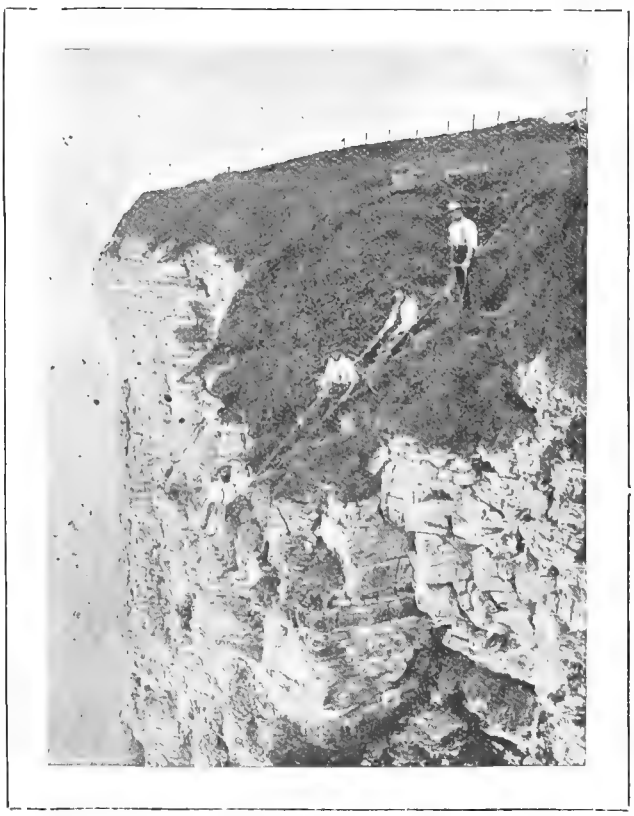
By Cyril Yorke

(*Illustrated with photographs.*)

Every schoolboy who has drawn the map of England is familiar with Flamborough Head—or ought to be—but only those who have visited the headland know how steep and inaccessible are its dazzling chalk cliffs.

At the Head itself the cliffs are only some 150ft. high, but towards the north they gradually rise, till at Bempton, three miles distant, they reach their culminating point in a sheer precipice more than 400ft. high. This long line of glistening cliffs is the favourite haunt and breeding-place of countless hosts of sea-birds, and of four kinds in particular, the guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes, and razor-bills. These are known locally as "scouts," "sea-parrits," "sea-awks," and "kittiakes" respectively.

In this secluded upland region from about the end of May to the beginning of July, every ledge and projection, every crevice, every nook and corner, is occupied by a surging, chattering, quarrelsome crowd, constantly on the move, and having apparently no object in life but to push each other into space or the sea. Frequently the manœuvre succeeds, but after a short flight and a dip, back come the ejected ones, and renew the struggle for place, as often as not standing on the heads of the rest until they can manage to squeeze in, and push a neighbour or two off.



Ready for a Descent.

The "climmer" is the chief of the party, and, owing to the great risk he runs, takes half the eggs. The "chief hauler" wears a belt of padded leather, through which runs one end of the "climmer's" rope.

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We are not concerned so much with the birds, however, as with their eggs. The guillemot builds no nest, but lays her single egg on any bare rock where it is likely to be undisturbed. Nothing could be better suited for the purpose, to all appearances, than the steep precipices of Bempton and Flamborough. But here the sagacious bird to some extent errs, for she reckons without the enterprising cliff-climbers, or "climmers," as they prefer to call themselves.

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The eggs of the guillemot are not only good for food, but are highly prized on account of their infinitely varied colours and marking. It is quite impossible to describe them adequately, for the simple reason that scarcely two in five hundred are alike. Some are blue, some yellowish-green or pea-green, others reddish-brown or white; some are profusely blotched or spotted; some are streaked with black or grey, whilst others have scarcely any markings at all, and can only be distinguished from hen's eggs by their shape and size.

It is believed, both by practical "eggers" and learned zoologists, that the same bird lays the same kind and colour of egg each season. Indeed, it is hard to see how she could find her own in the crowd without some such provision of Nature.

Another curious fact, which is rarely commented upon, is that the egg is very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and tapers very much at one end, so that however much it is blown upon in exposed situations, it rarely falls into the sea, but merely revolves, so to speak, on its own axis. The eggs of the comical puffins—the clowns among sea-birds—are also much sought for; but these, instead of being laid, like those of the guillemot, on a ledge, are deposited in cracks and holes.

Let us suppose ourselves on a bright June afternoon on the highest part of the cliffs. Presently three or four men arrive on the scene, and at once arrest attention by their curious movements. Though they are all known as "climmers," only one man in each party, as a rule, actually makes the descents, receiving one-half of the eggs as his share, on account of the greater risk he runs. He first puts on what are called his "breeches," though this particular form of nether garment would be rather too airy for general adoption. It consists of a stout strap or belt fastened round the waist, with two large loops through which the climber puts his legs. The rope by which he is to be suspended is knotted to these "breeches" in such a way that it is impossible for him to fall out, even should he lose consciousness. On either side, slung like game-bags, he carries a couple of military haversacks, in which to place the eggs.

A Giant Cleft.

The greatest danger that the "climmer" runs the risk of is a piece of falling rock.

Meanwhile a stout crowbar has been driven firmly into the ground, and to this a second rope is attached, which hangs loosely over the edge, and is designed to assist the climber in raising himself, or in signalling to his mates above when he wants to be raised or lowered.

It will be readily understood that not everyone is suited for a "climmer." A man must be not only cool-headed and able to regard with equanimity the fearful depths below, but he must know the nooks and ledges where the eggs are likeliest to be found, and he must be fairly light, or he would soon exhaust

the men who have to hold him and to pull him up and down several hundred feet, perhaps as many as twenty times a day. The man who may be described as "chief hauler" also wears a belt of padded leather, through which the other end of the rope is passed. To gain more purchase he usually plants his feet in two holes dug for the purpose.

When all is ready, the "climmer" boldly walks backwards down the steep slope which in most cases precedes the perpendicular part of the cliff, and when at the extreme edge drives a spike, to which is attached a small pulley, into the earth or a convenient crack. Over the pulley he places the rope which is fastened to his "breeches," the object being to prevent chafling. Then leaning his full weight on the rope, he goes backwards over the cliff, and is seen no more for a time.

Swinging in Mid-air.

Owing to the cliff overhanging, it is often necessary to push oneself off from the fall of the cliff, and gather a momentum after the style of a pendulum. At the inward swing the "climmer" picks the eggs off the ledges.

Adventurous amateurs who have been through the experience, say that the sense of isolation as one dangles in mid-air is really terrible. Not a sound comes from above, the murmuring cries of the birds, and the splash of the waves hundreds of feet below, alone reaching the ear. On a sunny day the glare from the white chalk cliffs is almost blinding.

What the climber fears most is not that the muscular powers of his mates will be exhausted, but that a loose stone, or a decayed portion of the cliff, will fall on his head. One veteran climber who had been at work on these cliffs for something like six-and thirty years, met with but one accident in all that time. One day a piece of rock, about half the size of his head, became detached some 30ft. above. He saw it coming, and could even calculate that it would fall exactly on his head, and probably dash out his brains. To get out of the way was impossible; all he could do was to raise his arm to protect himself. Down the block came, and though his arm was not broken, the muscles were torn right away from the bone, and it was two years before old Lowney could "clim" again.

Another serious danger is to be apprehended, especially by the inexperienced. It often happens that the cliff overhangs at the top, and to reach the ledges below it is necessary to push the body away from the cliff-side with the feet, thus acquiring a kind of pendulum movement. The lower one goes the greater, of course, is the swing. When the swing favours the man snatches the eggs; but should he fail to give himself the necessary impetus, the momentum is not sufficient to carry back to the ledges, and the climber dangles helplessly, and has to be hauled up again for a fresh start.

From two to three hundred eggs a day is considered a good take; but two "climmers" have been known to collect between them as many as 2000 eggs in one day.

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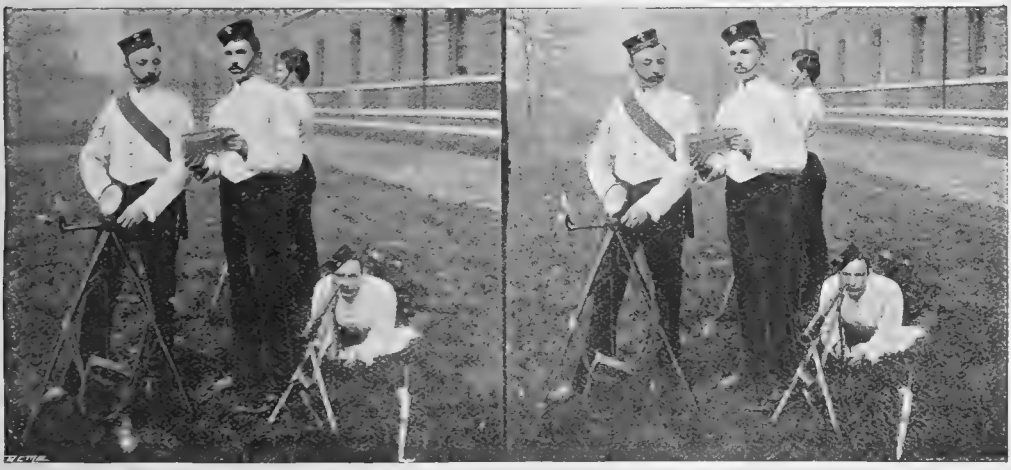

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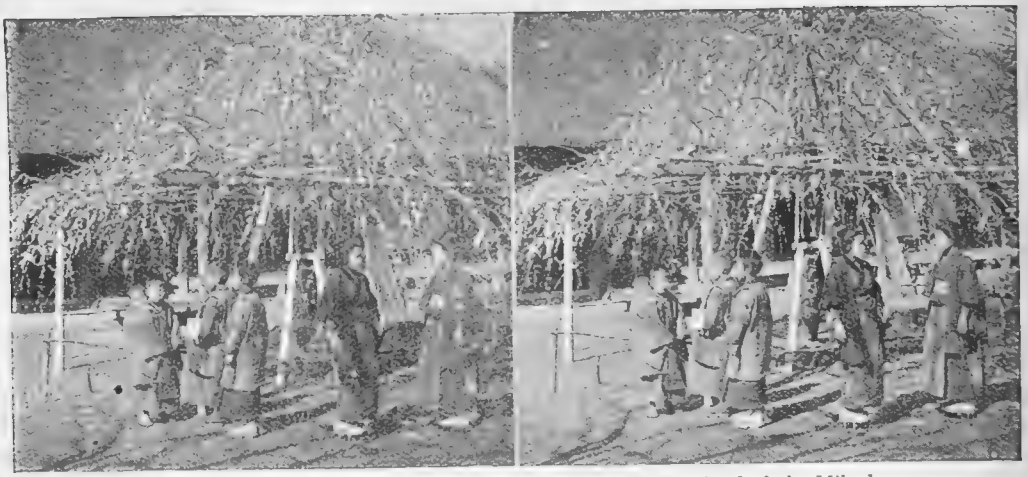
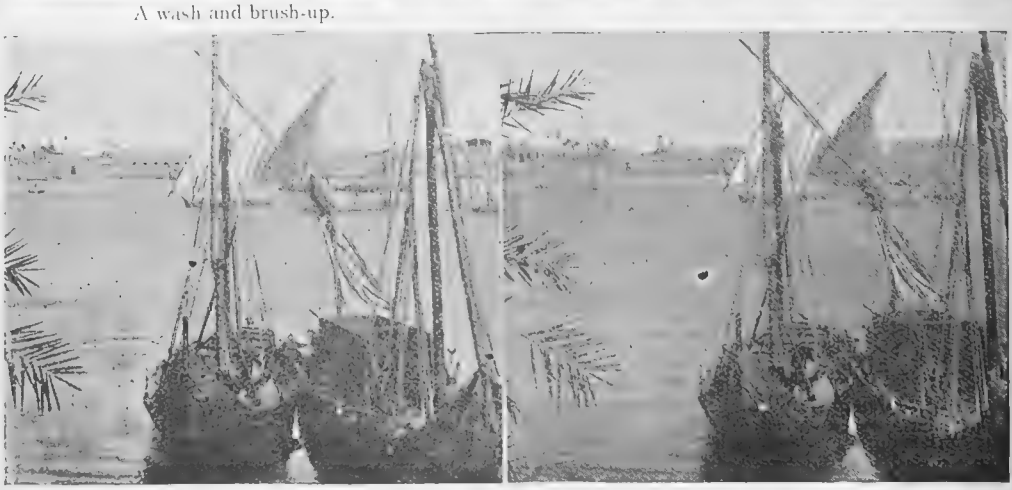


In the land of the Mikado.

A wash and brush-up.



On the Nile.

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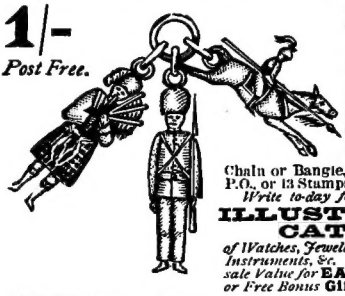

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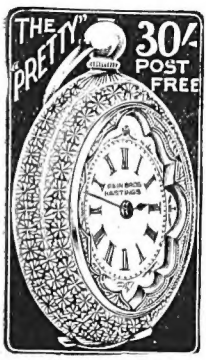

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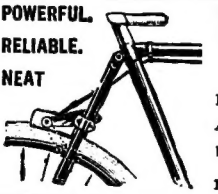

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